



THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,287, Vol. 88.

26 August, 1899.

6d.

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NOTES.

Great was the flutter in Pretoria and in Johannesburg at the news of the refusal of the Portuguese Government to allow munitions of war to be conveyed to the Transvaal across their territory—in Johannesburg a flutter of pleasurable excitement—in Pretoria a flutter of impotent wrath. Public effervescence boiled on the surface. But one there was more deeply stirred than the public; with reason. Mr. Kruger had received an official intimation from the German Government that he need not apply in that quarter for assistance. The Kaiser did indeed sympathise with the President's indignation at the illegal violation of his territory in 1895. He is with Mr. Kruger in his determination to retain internal independence; but now when that is not challenged he has no sympathy whatever with Mr. Kruger's absurd procrastination. And Oom Paul knows it—too well now to disguise the unwelcome knowledge from himself. *Sic transit.*

In proposing to grant a reasonable franchise in return for our abandonment of the claims of suzerainty Mr. Kruger is more audacious than acute. He may consider the situation to be such that nothing you could call a "game," only bluff is open to him, but certain conditions are necessary even for bluff to pay, and in his case these conditions are not present. If he thinks, on the other hand, that he is playing a game, and a good one, he shows still less acumen. It might be a very good game indeed for him to make this attempt to get rid of all dependence upon England, were it a case of his having something to give, which England much wanted but could ask only as an act of grace, and was without the power to compel attention to her request. But the situation is the opposite of that. We ask no favour; we claim a right, a moral right technically correct, and we have the power to obtain its recognition by force, failing all other means. Plainly the right game for Mr. Kruger was to admit, cards on the table, that ours was a fair request and to show such grace in accession, that when he asked us, just as an act of friendship, to grant a formal amendment of our mutual constitutional relations, which between parties on such good terms could never make any difference, it would be difficult for Sir Alfred Milner to decline. But any way the speculation is purely academic, for Her Majesty's Government have tele-

graphed to Sir Alfred Milner declining explicitly to entertain any such proposal.

There is a yet deeper consideration pointing to the infelicity of the proposed set-off of abandonment of suzerainty. If British subjects by becoming burghers were to sever all connexion with England, lose all claim on the Imperial British Government, it is quite a question whether the logic of events would not make the recognition of any kind of independence for the Transvaal impossible. It would reduce things to an alternative between being Transvaalers and Britons. Burghership plus the suzerainty in the background is a working via media. Very opportune at this moment is the publication of the South African Blue Book dealing with this aspect of the situation. It shows that even in 1894 we never swerved from the position of paramountcy: it also points out that if this is abandoned, the internal status of the Transvaal goes simultaneously. It is valid by the same instrument.

Most of those in England least favourably inclined to the Boers have been content to believe that their boldest ideals would be attained if they were allowed to retain their grip on the Transvaal and exploit their own subjects to the full. Facts point to a much wider-reaching and more dangerous ambition. The utmost force, making the largest allowances, which the Transvaal Government could put into the field is 25,000 men. Yet the Boers admittedly have arms for 75,000 men. This is known to our officials here, and in Johannesburg and Lorenzo Marquez the number is put far higher. It is not very difficult to see what the explanation of this vast disproportion between arms and men means. The aim of the Transvaal Government for years has been to incite feeling against the British in South Africa and then, when occasion is ripe, to put arms into the hands of all the disloyal subjects of the Queen who might be found in the whole country and make a determined effort to overthrow British supremacy. That such a scheme must be born of gross ignorance is no argument against its existence in the minds of its authors. The Transvaal in its present shape constitutes a standing menace to the peace and prosperity of the rest of South Africa.

These convictions are unfortunately borne out by the publication of the extraordinary letter written by General Joubert to Lo Bengula in 1882. Without dwelling on

the offensive nature of the expressions used, which were doubtless adapted to the taste both of the writer and the recipient, it is enough to note that this missive is an attempt by the Commandant-General of the Transvaal forces to induce a savage chieftain to make friends with the Boers because the English would soon disappear from the land. In the elegant phraseology of the writer, "the stink which the English brought is blown away altogether." This letter was written by a man who had accepted the Queen's authority in all affairs relating to foreign Powers and should have been at that time full of gratitude for our magnanimity, if the advocates of a sentimental policy are to be believed. The letter is interesting as showing the real aims of the Boers in the year after they received their independence. General Joubert has recently addressed a long and rambling petition to Her Majesty, but its effect will be somewhat marred by the opportune publication of his previous correspondence with a crowned chief.

None of the promised "proofs" that were to brand Captain Dreyfus as a traitor once and for all have yet been produced by his accusers at Rennes. After the generals, with their monotonous dissertations on the *bordereau*, came M. du Breuil and others, with charges of an equally stale and preposterous character. The Captain, they declared, haunted houses and clubs in which high play took place, and was often heard to lament his losses. He knew gay ladies; in the Bois, he saluted more than one *demoiselle*. In one household, said M. du Breuil who is M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire's witness, he was on familiar terms with his hostess, and also with a German attaché. The master of the house had once declared in his (M. du Breuil's) hearing that he had enough proofs to get Captain Dreyfus dismissed from the army, and that he was a "*canaille*." Strange is it, however, that M. du Breuil should remember this conversation and yet be unable to name the attaché in question, whom he had met. Visibly agitated was he when Maître Labori rose and questioned him as to his past. It appeared to bear a stain: some shady incident about a horse. And everyone laughed when it came out that it was M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire himself who had named him magistrate. More than half the number of witnesses have already had their say; but not one has disclosed anything that, in the mind of just and honourable men, could possibly condemn Captain Dreyfus.

Not alone was spirit restored to the Captain by the reappearance of M. Labori but animation to the whole Court. "Our Special Correspondents" were finding the dearth of dramatic incident so depressing that they thought it necessary solemnly to record that the little messenger boy had fallen asleep. M. Labori awoke him and the others on Tuesday morning, and since then the whole tenor of the trial has changed. Why up to that time had there been so little cross-examination? For one reason because it is the French practice for the prisoner to give his own evidence in contradiction of each witness immediately—contrary to our practice. Another reason is that so large a portion of the evidence (so called) of the military witnesses was only argument to prove that the *chose jugée* of the Court of Cassation was, in spite of their former respect for that phrase, in error. The third and most important reason is that cross-examination, always a difficult and dangerous exercise, was in the circumstances very much more so even than usual.

Cross-examination must necessarily have been directed to the credit, veracity and honour of the great Generals. We are too well aware of the moral atmosphere they have created and in which the tribunal was sitting, the tribunal being military. Too fierce attacks on the Generals would have been as bad policy as a too patent demonstration of bribery and corruption by a candidate of the Government party in the House of Commons at the time when it tried its own election petitions. If the moment were ever to be propitious it had to be waited for. It is an inference that may be reasonably made that the prisoner's counsel thought it had come by the time of M. Labori's return—and not before. Perhaps as is natural, there may be excessive eulogy of M. Labori

and too little appreciation of M. Demange. It is hard to suppose that the latter is not a competent cross-examiner. His inactivity is best accounted for by supposing that according to the plan of campaign they were keeping down cross-examination to its lowest limits until some change in the temperament of the Court had been effected.

With the eye of the forensic artist, M. Labori saw that the moment had come when he had sufficiently recovered to make his reappearance in Court. Who can withhold admiration from that wonderful speech of his by which he turned what might have been a mere occasion for a response in platitudes to platitudinous congratulations into an opportunity for the most powerful stroke in aid of his client's cause which up to that time he had been able to deliver? Probably it was the master stroke of the whole trial. He broke down the barriers which had separated him from the mind and heart of the Court, and prepared the way for the effective cross-examination which has completely changed the whole character of the case. What a revelation of fine tone and temper was his last phrase "moreover the part of error in human things is always greater than that of bad faith." Such a man is not one to suppose that cross-examining means examining crossly.

The most curious incident to an English eye was the little scene with the witness Colonel Bertin when M. Labori became, in the oddest of fashions, a witness for and expressed his own belief in the innocence of his client, the latter being a method which is taboo at the English Bar. M. Labori met Colonel Bertin at dinner about the time of Dreyfus' condemnation. The colonel is a man sufficiently stupid to think and say that because M. Demange had defended certain spies, he was counsel for the German Embassy and had been officially appointed by it. Then M. Labori turns to the judges and says, "I discussed this conversation with my wife and wondered what security there was in an oath or in the judgment of men who could so readily believe things which were so ridiculous. My belief in the innocence of Captain Dreyfus began that day. I give you my word of honour." Surely seldom anything more remarkable in advocacy ever took place in a court before nor anything more adroit on the part of the advocate.

No sooner did Maître Labori rise from his bed than he proclaimed his intention of taking proceedings against four journals for libel. They are the "*Intransigeant*," "*Libre Parole*," "*Croix*," and "*Patrie*." Each declared that the Syndicate (with Maître Labori's knowledge and consent of course) had "ordered" the attempted assassination. M. Drumont was the first to accuse; his malicious confrères immediately followed. As they cannot possibly prove their words, it is certain that they will be condemned; and we hope that the damages will be substantial. Maître Labori we suppose, will conduct his own case; under his acute cross-examination, his accusers will pass a highly unpleasant afternoon. As few people care to take the trouble of prosecuting MM. Drumont and Rochefort, the lies and libels that appear daily in their organs rarely meet with response. When they do the damages barely cover the costs; and so the libelled ones either ignore the article altogether or challenge its writer to a duel. In the meanwhile, M. Fabre's bill to check the liberty of the Press is still under consideration in the Senate; but as MM. Drumont and Rochefort have considerable power both there and in the Lower Chamber, we fear that it is unlikely to pass.

The German Emperor in his capacity of King of Prussia has embarked on a struggle that will test his statesmanship. It was part of his bad legacy from the Bismarckian régime that he found himself in Prussia thrown back entirely on the extreme Right for support, and now the combined Right has given him such a slap in the face as even a meek man could not submit to. The East Prussian Junker is as stupid and ignorant as a South African Boer: his chief achievement in history was to organise the disaster of Jena and to banish Stein the

creator of modern Prussia as a dangerous revolutionary, and Bismarck in his best years was hated as cordially as even Stein himself. The Junker has now chosen to quarrel with the King on the question of Canals, for he thinks that a great central canal will allow the products of Western Germany to enter East Prussia and lower prices. It is an argument that throws the mind back to the Middle Ages, but under the class franchise by which the Abgeordnetenhaus is elected the East Prussian "Agrarier" can decide the fate of Bills.

It is difficult to see in what direction the King is to look for his new governing majority. The National Liberals are almost extinct and the clerical "centre" holds grimly to its *do ut des* principle, while the Radical leaders are impractical windbags and the Socialists are against all governments. The days when the National Liberals ruled the Landtag with a solid majority of 182 votes seem far distant and yet the King must endeavour to re-create some such party if he is to defeat the agrarians. The old party of Lasker and Bennigsen came to ruin with its Falk Laws that were to smash the Ultramontanes and its Muzzling Laws meant to put an end to socialism. These interesting experiments led only to the doubling of the strength of the menaced fractions and to the ruin of their assailants. At present the remnant possess neither leaders nor a policy and we can hardly see where they are to be looked for. This is one of the inevitable penalties Germany has to pay for the privilege of an autocratic government which is yet dependent on a popular vote.

Sir Charles Tupper, who is in this country, has been giving his views on the Alaskan Boundary question. As was to be expected, he in every respect supports the Canadian Government in the attitude they have assumed. There is no difference between parties. Failing a satisfactory settlement, which he does not seem to anticipate, he recommends the construction of a railway between Kitoniat and Dawson which shall enable all the Klondike traffic to be conducted on Canadian territory and the passing of mining laws which shall make it impossible for any but British subjects to acquire mining claims on the Canadian side of the boundary. This may seem a drastic remedy, but it is only the course already taken by the States. Sir Charles evidently thinks that it is impossible for England to treat the United States as she would treat France and that their Government presumes on the forbearance of our statesmen. We have for long been pointing out the necessity of recognising this fact and have done our utmost to remove the ignorance which Sir Charles complains of as existing here about the Alaskan difficulty.

It is satisfactory to learn from a speech delivered by Sir Henry McCallum that the difficulties between Great Britain and France regarding Newfoundland are on the way to a settlement. As history is strewn with abortive attempts to such an end we dare not place too sanguine an estimate on the probabilities of success this time. Perhaps the chief incentive to hope lies in the fact that it is highly undesirable for either of the Powers, and especially for France, to incur any serious foreign complications at the present time. The interests of the French in Newfoundland have diminished year by year though they have been with considerable ingenuity constructing fictitious ones. The demand to a right to prevent the colonists from using their own shores for purposes of commerce, founded on a mere licence to themselves to land and dry fish is too ridiculous to be sustained for a moment. There will be no disposition to blame Mr. Chamberlain for keeping back the long overdue Report of the Commissioners if he can meet Parliament next year with a really satisfactory Convention settling this controversy, but, if, as we intimated some time ago, the Report is strongly in support of the Colony's complaint, Newfoundland will expect more considerate treatment than Ministers have given her in the past. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to note that Mr. Reid and others are directing their serious attention to the mineral resources of Bell Island.

Within the last few years observers have noticed an increasing frequency of assaults of a murderous

character by natives of India on isolated Europeans. Such occurrences have always been common on the frontier where Mohammadan ghazis find their hunting ground, but they were, so to say, inaugurated down country and among Hindus by the Poona assassinations in the Jubilee year of 1897. A similar spirit was manifested in the Calcutta riots of the same year. Since then cases of such assaults continue to occur to an extent unknown some time ago. Even if the supposition of some central agency and concerted motive be dismissed, the conditions under which Europeans live and move in India call for prompt and stern repression of such outrages. And the vernacular Press must not be permitted to preach assassination.

Eulogy of the past, unbounded hope for the future, are the notes of Lord Brassey's speech on the occasion when the Victorian Parliament presented to him the draft bill of the constitution of a Commonwealth of Australia for the consent of the Imperial Parliament. It was one of those historic occasions which arouse the imagination, and Lord Brassey, departing from official reserve but at the same time refraining from reviving old controversies, said exactly what all parties can sympathise with and endorse. His spirit of exuberant hope and confidence in the success of the federation had its source in the enthusiasm of his auditors. They exult together in the vision of a new-born great nation destined to hold the supremacy of the southern seas, associated with the motherland of England in all great objects, each rejoicing in the glory strength and prosperity of the other without a shadow of jealousy in their relations. It is just a little too beautiful for this world of tariffs and other unpleasant matters; and Lord Brassey, of course, does not allow himself to speculate on unknown contingencies: but in the meantime it is sufficient to know that both England and Australia alike regard this accomplished fact of federation with satisfaction and pride.

We have all been feeling superior this week and pointing out to the French Government the moral of the rioting in Paris, but few of the papers took the trouble to record the fact that precisely the same moral was to be learnt in Ireland where for several days after "Lady Day" rioters, Protestant and Catholic, held the streets of Derry and Belfast. In this instance the Catholics seem, in Belfast at least, to have been distinctly the aggressors, this being the natural consequence of the tacit permission given by the authorities to the Protestant mob which once a week for several months last winter amused itself by harrying a little congregation of "Ritualists." In Paris it was the licence given to the anti-Semites in the Rue de Chabrol that encouraged the anarchists to come down into the streets and wreck churches in another quarter, and similarly the Belfast Catholics seeing the Protestant roughs encouraged and applauded in their church wrecking exploits thought they could not do better, when their "day" came round on 14 August, than to follow their example. Perhaps Mr. Gerald Balfour has now learnt the lesson which we endeavoured to impress upon him at the time that the way to preserve peace in Ireland is not to retreat before the rioters but to let them feel the weight of authority at the first outbreak.

Meanwhile the country at large continues to enjoy a period of peace and prosperity unequalled since the later 'fifties. The partial failure of 1897 has been followed by two "bumper" years and poor Mr. Dillon is at his wits' end to find something to lament over. Dublin has during the week been wholly given over to the Horse Show, the one great national event of the year in Ireland. If there are any left who do not know the nature of this show it may be well to point out that it has little in common with the exhibitions we are accustomed to in England. The competitive and prize-winning department is of course there but it is entirely overshadowed by the "fair." The Horse Show is the mart and exchange for Ireland's greatest and most promising industry—horse-breeding. Buyers attend from all quarters of the world, and hunters, polo ponies, cavalry chargers and hackneys change hands at good prices. There is hardly a farmer in Ireland who does

not directly or indirectly feel the benefit of Horse Show Week.

Sir Thomas Esmonde has scored a decided success by his "Central Council" idea which took shape at the Conference of County Councils in Dublin on Tuesday. When the scheme was first mooted there were fears in which we confess we shared, that it would result in another of those dreary shams wire-pulled by the "professionals" and utilised to pass a number of irrelevant political resolutions, but under Sir Thomas Esmonde's chairmanship it gives promise of becoming a highly practical and useful organisation. As the chairman said "they were not concerned for the advancement of any of the many political sections into which Ireland was divided . . . they were simply endeavouring to find a common platform upon which all Irishmen would be able to come together irrespective of their political opinions and work together in harmony for common purposes." On the agenda were such subjects as Public Health, Poor Laws, Industrial Schools, reclamation of waste lands, arterial drainage and reafforesting. There is not one of these on which good work may not be done and we wish the Central Council every success.

The letter accompanying the Bishop of London's formal promulgation in his diocese of the Archbishops' decisions is tactful and well adapted to simplify issues and facilitate obedience. The clergy concerned are "quietly to abandon" the prohibited usages and to "explain to their people that they do so at the Bishop's desire." Thus there will be no occasion to enter on general criticisms of the Lambeth arguments or to debate the spiritual aspects of Elizabeth's Act—tasks which, however attractive, are really beyond the ability and knowledge of most of the clergy—but the whole question is simply proposed as a matter of duty—the duty of obedience to canonical authority.

Into what a remarkably cross-grained state of mind the promoters and speakers of the labour demonstration seem to have got themselves! They protest they will not have old age pensions of five shillings per week at sixty-five and that they will have land and rent courts for London. It was very hot on Sunday and the hot weather makes even Trade Unionists unreasonable, but why refuse a five shillings pension and prevent the scheme getting started? Is there not plenty of opposition without future pensioners joining in it? Suppose it is not a satisfactory solution of the question. Did ever anyone think it was going to be done at a coup? We never start with satisfactory solutions. They come only after satisfactory experiments; and you do not try experiments on a bigger scale than is necessary to give your theory a fair trial. And land courts for settling rents in London! How would they settle a fair rent for sleeping accommodation on the stair steps of houses in a certain part of London? At present the rent is we believe three halfpence a step per night. It is not a question of rent but of more room and more houses in convenient quarters. If that were solved the rent question would be far easier. To stir up the municipalities to put their present powers in operation is one way of going about the matter; and there are others much more feasible than land courts. More public control over means of communication is another method that might be suggested.

The unfortunate London and South-Western—though it is not the railway but the passengers that are unfortunate, for dividends are not small and stock stands at a price great in inverse ratio to accommodation—is coming in for very hard knocks in the press just now, not nearly as hard however as those administered to its customers by the jolting of the coaches. But the gravamen of the charge is unpunctuality. This is generally put down to disorganisation and Clapham Junction. But the long distance trains are unpunctual for quite another reason. It is a question of wind. Against an adverse wind, the South-Western engines simply are not powerful enough to make the speed required. In fact, in the teeth of wind, the train falls behind steadily. It is hard on these engines that they should lack strength, for they cannot boast of any compensation in beauty. A contest between South and Great Western engines would be entertaining—for the G. W. R.

THE STATE OF PARIS.

FOR the last fortnight Paris has been at the mercy of some hundred roughs who, in spite of the presence of a mighty force of policemen and a strong detachment of the Garde Républicaine, turned certain districts into a battle-field and alarmed the whole population. We have heard of them before; indeed they are old friends. Some, mere hirelings in the pay of MM. Drumont and Rochefort, are commonly called "les quarante sous;" others are mischievous gamins who follow every mob and throw stones in every row; the rest wear the badge of the Ligue Antisémite, and are under the evil influence of M. Jules Guérin. Before circulation was forbidden in the Rue de Chabrol, they contented themselves with calling their chief to the window and encouraging him with choruses and cheers. They seemed to enjoy the situation. Jules Guérin pacing the roof with a revolver in each hand was as stirring a spectacle as Jules Guérin dramatically chanting the Marseillaise. Jules Guérin saluting the "People of Paris" for the last time was as heart-rending as Jules Guérin vowing to die for his cause. Here, indeed, was a hero—a martyr: persecuted by Waldeck-Rousseau, "Panama," and General Gallifet, "Assassin"—to be taken either by force or by famine. So the Anti-Semites, quarante sous, and gamins, cried "Vive Guérin," and "Mort aux Juifs;" and, being driven off the fortress, appeared on the Boulevard Magenta, flushed and furious, armed with sticks, revolvers, and knives. A few days later M. Sébastien Faure and an array of anarchists came out. They also hurled stones; they also beat the police. While their leader, with true anarchic courage, was trying to escape on a tram, they destroyed the treasures and appropriated the collection-boxes of a church. Brawls; charges; assaults; alarm: such has been the state of Paris for the last two weeks.

As the whole source of these disturbances may be traced to the Rue de Chabrol, and as it is certain that the anti-Semitic party will continue its campaign until the nuisance has been stamped out, one wonders why M. Waldeck-Rousseau has not taken strong and speedy measures to bring about the surrender of M. Guérin. He is a brigand—in open rebellion; yet he has successfully baffled the Government. His force comprises only a dozen men; but, before them, policemen, pompiers, and soldiers are powerless. The street is barred; only householders may pass. Its shops are open; but no customers approach. Protests from all sides have been addressed to M. Waldeck-Rousseau; who, up to now, has shown himself to be a man of dauntless determination. And so we are obliged to conclude that if he, the Premier, has decided to wait until hunger compels the rebels to evacuate it is because he has a good reason. He thinks no doubt that it is better that brawls should break out than that blood should be spilt. He knows M. Guérin to be capable of fulfilling his threat to fire on the soldiers; and, believing that bloodshed would inflame the rioters and even bring about a revolution, he has seen that his only course is to take the Fort Chabrol by famine. He has another reason. Although the people of Paris bear no open animosity towards the Jews the campaign against them has been so fierce and so foul that there is undoubtedly a growing feeling of suspicion. Weak heads have been turned by M. Drumont's base books, and M. Guérin's bloodthirsty paper and posters. Ignorant workmen have been told that the Government is in collusion with the Jews, and that these are gradually appropriating the entire commerce of the country. And as they are approached every day by anti-Semitic delegates who assure them that Jules Guérin is their best friend and that his only aim in life is to protect their interests, it is possible that they might take his part in the fight. Still, in spite of the undoubted wisdom of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's decision, both Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards protest. While the latter accuse the Premier of taking a fiendish delight in administering "slow and barbarous torture," their adversaries deplore his leniency. They regret too that the matter is not in the hands of General Gallifet, who would not hesitate to strike.

After Sunday's disturbances, M. Lépine gave orders

that all those who had been arrested should be made examples of. But as the maximum penalty for most of the rioters consists of only ten or fourteen days' imprisonment, they will soon be out again. Hundreds, too, got away, and are still at large. We do not think, however, they will repeat their assaults unless they find themselves (as on Sunday) in a tremendous crowd. Alone, they can do nothing; for their exploits would be seen. But in a street-full of innocent and unfortunate citizens, on Sundays or fête days, they have every opportunity to secretly fire a revolver, use their knives, and hurl showers of stones. Still, they hover about the Rue de Chabrol to-day; and, in spite of wise warnings, foolish people come "to see." They are not allowed to collect, however; so the rioters may have to wait some time before another favourable opportunity presents itself to brawl. Now and then a cry of "Vive Guérin" goes up; but Guérin cannot hear. Camelots sell his portrait; but Guérin cannot see. Behind two rows of policemen and two rows of soldiers who bar the street; surrounded, fifty yards further down, by a detachment of the Garde Républicaine; he and his men watch and wait. How long their provisions will last, and what will be their end, no one can say. How far the rioters waiting outside will go, no one can tell.

THE NEW PACIFIC.

AT the end of the nineteenth century the world Powers have rediscovered the Pacific. The Magellans, the Drakes and the Balboas of the present are ambitious princes and politicians eager to promote empire in the name of trade or humanity. In fifteen years the position has been revolutionised; in ten years all the forces which make for unrest have energetically asserted themselves; in ten years more they may have stamped the Pacific with the marks of conflict for supremacy. The great Powers threaten to imitate the example of America by clearing out the lesser Powers from what survives of their dominion in the Far East; the great Powers of the West are determined to exploit the resources of the East. That the Siberian railway would profoundly modify the situation was from the first certain. A very few years ago it was thought that Russia was delivering herself into Chinese hands by constructing a line which might at any time be menaced from Manchuria. Events have, on the contrary, placed China at the mercy of the builders of the railway, and it requires a measure of faith which the past hardly justifies to believe that Russia in attaining what the Tsar calls "her historic aim" has satisfied the demands of ambition. Not less unexpected was the bursting of the bonds of Monroeism by the United States. When the Americans toyed with Hawaii and stood to their guns in Samoa, it was not foreseen that far-reaching schemes were in process of evolution. American action in Cuba, whatever may be said for or against it, was not a surprise. In the Philippines it was little short of amazing. Germany has always been interested in the Pacific as in Africa, and from the time when Prince Bismarck declared himself a "No Colonies Man," it was certain that a German Colonial Empire would if possible be created. Japan no doubt was moved to action against China by a consciousness that her heritage in the Pacific was in danger, and a like consciousness alone explains the subjection of local jealousies in Australia to the supreme necessity of a united voice in Pacific matters.

Russia, Japan, the United States and Great Britain are the four protagonists for premiership in the Pacific. Germany and France possess opportunities for annoyance, but hegemony can be theirs in only the smallest degree. Just as France in New Caledonia is a thorn in the side of Australia, so Germany in the Carolines has placed herself athwart the American line of communication between San Francisco and the Philippines. If the next great struggle is to be between Germany and America, as Admiral Dewey thinks, the Americans will realise their mistake in allowing Germany to acquire the remnant of Spanish dominion in the Pacific. But beyond that Germany can do little. Unless she is able materially to augment her present possessions she

cannot hope to be in the running for a leading place in the Pacific. In America, the idea already obtains that the United States are the paramount Power between the Chinese and the American seaboard, and that the destiny of the Pacific is to be an American lake. But the talk in which some leading officials and politicians in Washington are indulging is as the prattle of a child excited by a pop-gun. America can only acquire the authority she seeks in the Pacific by an alliance with Japan or Russia. But Japan leans towards Great Britain. The Americans therefore turn to Russia, the powerful magnet which seems to attract republicans irresistibly, and a Russo-American combination is not an impossibility. Russia will tap the natural wealth of Siberia and northern China. She will find the sinews both of war and commerce in the one and the raw material of considerable naval forces in the teeming population of the other. In the unlikely event of a Russo-American alliance in the Pacific, Japan and Great Britain will be driven together by need of mutual protection. Japan, with continued organisation and a measure of good fortune, cannot wholly fail to secure a large voice in Pacific destinies. The incursion of Western Powers has robbed her of the position of ascendancy and independence to which she would have attained as the result of her adoption of Western methods, and the yellow race will only now be able to assert itself in the Pacific in league with, or under the domination of, the white race. Japan recognises two things:—that at the moment Great Britain is the paramount Power in the Pacific and that Great Britain's attitude is defensive, not aggressive.

If Great Britain does not remain mistress of the Pacific as of other seas, the fault will be that of her sons under the Southern Cross. Federated Australia should count for at least as much as Japan; Canadian interests will be second only to those of the United States; British interests in China are predominant and the measures taken to protect them costly. From Hong Kong to Sydney, from Sydney to Vancouver, from Vancouver to Hong Kong, British interests eclipse all others. In a very large measure the future depends on the development of the spirit of unity between Australia and Canada under the fostering ægis of the Mother country. The British Pacific cable will be both sound business in itself and an excellent sign and symbol of British solidarity. The United States will not probably be far behind with a cable from San Francisco to Hawaii and the Philippines. Neither Australia nor Canada is blind to the opportunities latent in the waters which at once unite and separate them. Of that they have given ample proof in the last few years in the starting of steamship lines, in their readiness to bear their share in the cost of constructing the proposed cable and in their attitude on the subject of imperial defence. Australian federation is as momentous a fact in Pacific history as was the triumph of Japan in the war with China. Both events mean that new Powers have arrived prepared to dispute with all comers for their respective rights. Australia a nation, however, will enjoy dignities and must face responsibilities unknown to the individual colonies. Prosperity is assured; with increased prosperity will come increased population and in its turn increased business. An Australian navy, something much more imposing, that is, than the squadron towards whose maintenance the several colonies now contribute, will become more and more essential to security and the confidence which security brings. That Australia will rise to the level of the occasion can hardly be doubted. She has in the past given ample evidence of her mettle. When Germany threatened to appropriate the whole of the eastern half of New Guinea, Australia promptly stepped in and compelled Lord Granville and Lord Derby, however unwillingly, to assert themselves. Great Britain would probably long ago have left Germany and America to fight out the Samoan question between them but for Antipodean objections. Australia has always evinced a lively sense of the merits of a ring fence. If such a fence has not been preserved the misfortune, not the fault, is hers.

"INDUSTRIAL REPUBLICANISM."

WHEN Dr. Lorrimer wound up the oratory of the Co-operative Festival at the Crystal Palace, to which Mr. Gerald Balfour, Lord Grey and Mr. Maddison had contributed earlier in the week, a good deal had been said about the position, prospects and ideals of "Co-operative Production and Partnership of the Workers;" and though much of it was mere opinion in the rough, and had not been seriously thought out, it is worth reconsidering; the more indeed on that account. We cannot conceive, for example, in what way Mr. Gerald Balfour supposes that he is magnifying the mission of co-operative production by the assertion that its real characteristic consists in its being an endeavour to substitute an industrial republic for an industrial monarchy. Is Mr. Balfour so enamoured of the superiority of political republicanism that he can use it as a comparison in favour of one form of industrial organisation, and so opposed to the idea of monarchy in the political sphere as to use it in depreciation of another form of industrial organisation? We have never exactly thought of Mr. Balfour in this way: nor, if we took his figures of speech seriously, should we imagine that he had said anything in favour of the cause he was advocating; any more than we think he himself would were he to take the trouble of considering his proposition again.

Why should we have had political ideas brought forward to prejudice us against co-operative production? The reason no doubt is to be found in that entirely mythical idea of a political republic, applied to industrial affairs, which assumes that republicanism necessarily means a pure form of democracy and the consequent perfect establishment and distribution of political rights and powers, with their corresponding blessings, amongst all classes of citizens. This notion is, however, completely unhistoric and nothing is gained by introducing it into any discussion. If we are to speak of ideal political constitutions at all it would be much more informed, as well as more frank and sincere, and would savour less of political commonplace and clap-trap, not to borrow laudatory images and analogies from a form of political government in which one does not believe. It is all so gratuitous, moreover, since it ought to be insisted on, as a monarchist is bound to insist, that, on the whole, actual and historical monarchies have more satisfactorily realised what we suppose is the "ideal" of every government, the freedom, settled order, and prosperity of their people, than any actual and historical republic of which we have any record. But our surprise is increased when we find Mr. Balfour actually proceeding, with double inconsistency, to demonstrate that the very weakness of Co-operative production, the cause which has prevented its success being more striking than it is, must be found in the very nature of the government that he has been lauding. "A productive society he had said aimed at being an industrial democracy. But he thought he was not going beyond the mark in saying that democracy in politics was one of the most difficult forms of government. He was afraid the case was not otherwise in the industrial sphere. The nature of democracy was equality." Mr. Balfour does not indeed go beyond the mark at all, but exactly hits, with his double shot, the vulnerable point both of co-operative production and democracy. In both cases we have this fact demonstrated that want of knowledge, the dislike of superiority of talent, the envy and jealousy of the better fortune of those whose abilities give them a right to leadership and control, are the reasons why the energy of government and the energy of industry alike become impotent, or directed into wrong channels, and why public opinion and confidence, the life-blood of both, desert them. Most undertakings of co-operative production, whether they are the simpler forms of the present day, or the more ambitious ones of the past which have also been experiments in political organisation, have failed from the like causes. Too great similarity of rank and condition has been destructive of effective subordination and organisation. Want of confidence has been and is the bottom fact of the situation. It is not want of capital. The productive co-operative societies have

only about a million and a quarter at present but the investments of the working classes are some £300,000,000. These investments are made, directly or indirectly, in concerns which are not hampered by democratic notions of equality but where it has been realised that brains and business capacity are too important to be sacrificed to the ideal of one man one vote, in order to secure the equality of ignorance with knowledge.

We think these points worth insisting upon because we attach great importance to the view that should be taken of the connexion between the social development of industry and the form of political organisation which should accompany it. Nothing can be more prejudicial to any advance of the movement than associating it with the teaching of republicanism. There is no connexion between them. It is a crude notion and should not be encouraged by such metaphors as the Irish Secretary employed. It is almost as crude as the other widespread delusion, that socialism is anarchy; though this is so unintelligent that it is not by any means so great an obstacle to development from individualism into socialised industry as the republican delusion.

If it were true that every step takes us further away from constitutional monarchy, then indeed there would be abundant reason for regarding the growth of co-operative production with suspicion. It is really a half-way house to economic socialism, though Mr. Balfour hardly seems to realise this, and only looks upon it as a particular form of combination taking its place alongside of, and in competition with, other forms of individualism. All the current of events and opinions making towards co-operation tends also towards state socialism; but to imagine that it is a necessary part of the process to bring about a political revolution is a strange intellectual confusion both as to principles and methods. Strong government would be necessary to make socialism even a possibility: wisdom, knowledge, honesty, benevolence, and all the moral and religious forces which make for a higher standard of ethics, would be required in higher measure than has hitherto been demanded when the notion of government has been to cut down as far as possible governmental functions. The more intellectual classes of socialists become more convinced of this as time goes on: they become less revolutionary in consequence and hope little from mere changes in form of government. With them, by the right instinct which springs from close practical acquaintance with economic conditions, are the thoughtful industrial classes, whose minds are undoubtedly directed towards socialism or at least to some form of co-operation under which what is by no means the inevitable connexion of capital with individualism may be terminated. They are contemptuous of such questions as republic against monarchy, civil list allowances of the Royal Family, disestablishment of the Church, the iniquity of the House of Lords and other such matters over which it used to be so easy, while they were in their political infancy, to get them excited. They see that when the nation is bent upon economic changes and the belief is prevalent in the necessity for government action in order to bring about those changes, it has at its disposal a proper and sufficient instrument and need not waste effort upon non-essential political programmes. It is fortunate that, in consequence of this alteration of political views, men of the higher social classes whose sympathies are with these ideals of economic and social reform, and they are many, can more easily, naturally, and heartily than has ever been possible before, enter into the movement and accompany it to whatever its issues may be. What precise shape these issues may ultimately take is beyond the prescience of any of us, but it may be seen clearly enough that if the fundamental changes in industrialism which are evidently in preparation are to be accomplished without disaster it will not be by tearing up society by the roots—a process which we should not expect to be successful in the case of any other living organism.

DANS LA RUE.

A DEPRESSING quarter is that which includes the Gare de l'Est and the Avenues Strasbourg and Magenta. Here, tradesmen have a way of erecting stalls on the pavement; customers may handle melons and poultry, boots and shoes, collars and chiffons. Here, mixed goods go off: vases, purses, plush frames, coral rings, and brilliant brooches. Here, on the most popular tray of all, nestle dubious powders, dangerous soaps, and powerful perfumes. Still, this commerce is not altogether identical with that of the Edgware Road. Costermongers do not superintend it; nor do charwomen and boisterous girls surround it. The attendants have big hands but curled hair; the customers are ladies who have a silk gown and a mauve bonnet for Sundays; their husbands are robust bourgeois, or drowsy vieillards, or anæmic employés. Politics do not trouble them; they accept any President, any Ministry. A crisis does not stir them; they are only interested in dominoes. They respect the law; they love peace. They take life easily; they abhor ceremony. They will sit on their grim little balconies in their shirt-sleeves and wear slippers in the street. Their paper is the "Petit Journal"; before June, they had never heard of the "Anti-Juif." Camelots arrived with it suddenly; then anti-Semitic posters appeared. Soon, hoardings bore the plea "Français! N'achetez rien aux Juifs." Still, no one was alarmed; manifestations had not yet taken place. And fear only set in when it was announced that Jules Guérin and staff had taken a house in the Rue de Chabrol, and turned it into the offices of their paper and the headquarters of their league. Delegates explored the quarter; in cafés, they persuaded people to join. They pointed out the advantages to be enjoyed by every member: billiards, frequent "evenings," fee-less fencing classes, and the gratuitous services of a solicitor and doctor. Sometimes they marched singing through the streets. Weeks passed; in the Rue de Chabrol frequent brawls took place in which Dreyfusards were injured. Further trouble was expected when the day appointed for the Dreyfus debates approached; but—on the morning that Captain stepped into court, a warrant was issued for M. Guérin's arrest. Anti-Semites poured into the Rue de Chabrol to learn whether the news was true. They found Jules Guérin cleaning revolvers and surrounded by thirty or forty men. They heard that the premises possessed provisions for five months, powder and petroleum, some thousand cartridges, and a cellar full of mineral waters and wine. They learnt that their chief meant to resist the warrant and barricade the door. They drank toasts; they sang songs. They hugged Guérin; they embraced his men. They placed themselves on the terrace of the café opposite. And the siege began.

Next morning, policemen, sightseers, and journalists appeared. The windows of 51 were screened; the house was immediately christened the Fort Chabrol. Circulation was difficult; but, until the afternoon, it was a good-tempered and jovial crowd. As time went by however, bands of anti-Semites arrived and scenes ensued. Some installed themselves on the terrace of the café; others mixed with the crowd. Choruses were chanted, cries of "Mort aux Juifs" went up, and cheers for Déroulède and Guérin. Suddenly one of the windows flew open—disclosing the chief of the besieged in his invariable blue serge suit and grey felt hat and, behind him, two or three of his men. "Vive Guérin," yelled his allies in the street—"Mort aux Juifs," and to his companions, "Courage! Mes Braves!" As the crowd increased and quarrels broke out, more police arrived. Nor was it long before they received orders to charge. Men and women were knocked down; mere sightseers arrested. While, in the café, the anti-Semites kept up their songs and cheers. Fists flew about, and sticks. Hundreds were driven into neighbouring streets but managed to return. To stimulate his friends, Jules Guérin repeatedly appeared at the window; and, towards midnight, he and his band broke out loudly into the Marseillaise. . . . Twelve hours later the tumult began again and raged until the arrival of the Guards. When the Rue de Chabrol was barred, the rioters marched through neighbouring

streets, singing, cheering, always shouting "Mort aux Juifs." Some distributed proclamations; others posters and copies of their paper. Those who refused to take them risked being beaten with loaded sticks. A cocher who replied to their cries had his carriage overturned; a youth who was seen reading "Les Droits de l'Homme" was belaboured. The windows of the "Lanterne" were smashed; parcels of Dreyfusard papers were burned. Sometimes, the anti-Semites danced round these bonfires, still crying "Mort aux Juifs." In the meanwhile, MM. Drumont, Massard of the "Patrie," and Lasies, the anti-Semitic deputy, were urging M. Guérin to evacuate the fortress. They say that he refused to say "au revoir" when they departed; that his last word was "adieu." He looked pale and tired, and—no wonder: night after night he had taken his turn as sentinel on the roof, revolver in hand, waiting, watching. But he remained firm—"Peuple de Paris!" he cried on one occasion, "ceux qui vont mourir te saluent." Soon, it became known that food was scarce in the fortress; instead of an abundance for five months there was barely sufficient for ten days. But friendly anti-Semites live opposite and immediately threw across bread, tins of sardines and gigots. When they fell into the street they were confiscated; and Guérin, coming to the window, brandished a pair of revolvers. The gas was cut off, then the water. Anti-Semites were not allowed to visit their chief; but they still marched through the streets crying "Vive Guérin," "Mort aux Juifs," and even surpassed the anarchists in violence on Sunday.

From the moment that Sébastien Faure was dragged off the great lion on the Place de la République, to the moment that the anti-Semites were eventually driven off the Boulevard Magenta and out of the courtyard of the Gare de l'Est, no passer-by, in either district, was safe. Both anarchists and anti-Semites were armed with loaded sticks; the first in the afternoon, the second in the evening. It is fortunate that they did not come in contact. M. Faure's followers contented themselves with almost assassinating an aged gentleman who had been imprudent enough to cry "Vive l'Armée," and an officer of the police; with injuring a number of sergeants de ville and sacking a church. M. Guérin's disciples hurled stones, used knives, fired revolvers, and burned kiosks. At nine o'clock, aided by a band of mischievous gamins, they were already in full force, their invariable cries could even be heard in the distance: "Vive Guérin," "Mort aux Juifs." Never have we seen more brutal rushes; more terrible charges. Before the police, everyone ran—stumbling over the curbstone, sweeping off the chairs and tables of the cafés that were open, clutching hold of the nearest shoulder to escape-falling. Now and then a revolver sounded; M. Lépine himself was nearly shot. A kiosk blazed. Showers of stones fell on the police. Windows were smashed. Above the din, rose the cry, "Mort aux Juifs." . . . But we pause: convinced that these brawls have been conducted by a few hundreds and that they neither expound the sentiments nor express the temper of the people. Among the thousands who thronged the Boulevards Strasbourg and Magenta, more than three-fourths were merely spectators. They did not expect so fierce a battle; they had no means of retreat. When the police charged they were the chief sufferers. The disturbance started in the Rue de Chabrol; instead of subsiding when the street was barred, it spread. And it may break out again at any moment and in any quarter unless the fortress is shortly stormed or evacuated. In the meanwhile, the shops and hotels, both in and about the Rue de Chabrol, do nothing. Their owners have addressed complaints to M. Lépine and petitions to M. Waldeck-Rousseau. But they have received no reply; and are so expectant of further trouble that, at the least shout, they hurriedly put up their shutters.

THE CITY OF SWORDS.*

"BETWEEN the poplared banks of the river, yellow and waveless as befits a river of dead romance, the eye lingers on glimpses of emerald islets, with reedy

* "Toledo: The Story of an Old Spanish Capital." By Hannah Lynch. London: Dent. 3s. 6d. net.

edges against the fuller foliage of elm. Above, exposed on a rocky throne, belted by the sombre Tagus, sits Toledo."

Thus may we ever recall with affection the impressions of our first pilgrimage to the City of Swords, our craning for the first glimpse of her unique beauty, our impulse of religious homage to her mysterious majesty. Toledo is the type of Spanish character: rugged, reserved, proud in poverty, wrapping her capa over her rags and frowning a dignified defiance, yet ever ready to accord a welcome to all who approach in a meet spirit of obeisance. "It is less a town," wrote Maurice Barrès, "a noisy affair yielding to the commodities of life, than a significant spot for the soul. . . . Secret and inflexible, in this harsh over-heated land, Toledo appears like an image of exaltation in solitude, a cry in the desert."

It might be in a different world from the modern European capital, which straggles into suburbs and gradually melts away into the country; here the castled bridge of Alcántara affords a line of feudal demarcation, and we seem to hear an echo of trumpets, challenges, and mediæval musketry as we step immediately into a petrified past. Up the steep rock a rude road winds, commanding wondrous vistas over the golden Tagus which girdles Toledo like a huge moving moat, and a bird's-eye panorama towards the drowsy line of distant hills. We contemplate a kaleidoscope of colour, from the dainty pink of sunrise through the warmer tints of the morning to the mystery of a purple twilight, with strange inexplicable intervals of yellow, brown, and dainty silver-grey. Here in the shadow of the great Cathedral the temptation is to linger and dream away existence amid these fascinating surroundings. The key-note is the magnificent simplicity, the crudity which is yet agreeably aggressive, the strange originality of a city resembling none other in the world. The Tagus, as Hannah Lynch very pertinently observes, possesses charms which cannot fail to defy every vicissitude. "Like the Arno, it takes on every hue: some mornings just after dawn, it is the palest blue, again it is a still sleepy jade, or silver like a curled mirror: or after sunset, when all the rich hues have faded from sky and earth and crimson and russet-gold have waved into an indigo dusk, you will see a white mist rise and travel in flakes from the bosom of the azure water over the dim landscape." And yet, the true colour of the river is a deep yellow; all those who have recorded their raptures, whether in poetry or prose, discern nothing but yellow there "though its blue and green and silvered hours are much more beautiful." "El dorado Tago" is the familiar phrase of many a mediæval bard and, apart from the gilding of its waters, it remains indeed an Eldorado to the present day. Whether from the colour only or from the persistence of some weather-beaten legend, the peasants of the neighbourhood still cherish a firm belief that gold is present within the river-bed. At all times, but more particularly after an inundation, men, women and children may be descried prowling along the reedy banks, carrying sieves and industriously searching the mounds of sand which have been stirred up. They have plenty of stories of rich discoveries made in this way, but always at second or third hand and, though there is nothing antecedently incredible about them, some scepticism may be pardoned. Apart from this fanciful and romantic industry, which harmonises well with the poetry of the stream, no practical considerations intrude upon its peaceful atmosphere. In the sixteenth century, heavy laden barges wound their way right up to Toledo and mills were busy on the banks; but in Spain the incidence of industry is the converse of our own and, while we cannot be restrained from desecrating the most beautiful creations of nature with smoke and noise and machinery, the people here have been content to forget all the energy of their ancestors, or at best to leave the ruins of a mill as a monument to the futility of labour.

In some ways this concession to the æstheticism of the place, however unpremeditated, must excite our approval, but a closer acquaintance is more calculated to induce a feeling of sorrow for the departed glories, of which this is only one among many. It was Philip the Second's choice of Madrid as the capital of Spain

which countersigned the death warrant of Toledo. Rarely save through the accidents of warfare has a proud and opulent city fallen so abruptly into provincial oblivion or replaced so much vigour and bustling vivacity by the drowsiness which belongs to those who have left all hope behind them. But what was her loss is our gain and circumstances have preserved for us a perfect mediæval picture standing out in bold relief against the background of modern civilisation. "Nothing less civilised," we read, "will you find along the least traversed byways of our modern world. Of her ancient splendours she presents such vestiges as to shame all that the ages have done for us. If the town wears so unique and imposing an aspect after centuries of silence and decay, what must it not have been in each of its great hours of domination, under Goth, Moor and Christian?" As we wander up and down through narrow precipitous alleys treading pavement less comfortable than a torrent-bed or pressing through narrow passages knee-deep in refuse and rarely visited by any ray of sunlight, ever and anon we confront startling fragmentary glimpses of the old Toledo which electrified its contemporaries. And we are prepared to make allowances for a good deal in a city, which has been built upon precipitous rocks nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea and yet has been able to survive, with strength almost unimpaired, throughout so many centuries. The walls no doubt have crumbled, but the stately gateways retain very much of their pristine perfection. Where else shall we find architecture at once so solid and so symmetrical as that of the Moorish arch which leads to the Zocodovar or Square of the Beasts, the heart and playground of Toledo since the earliest days of her existence as a city? Here a cattle-market has been held every Tuesday since the days of Henry IV. and, though the beauty of the national costumes has now been replaced almost entirely by the modern monotony, the old habits and customs have suffered very little change and we may realise once for all the intense conservatism of Spain. Hard by is the dilapidated hostelry, where Cervantes dwelt and wrote; we may climb upon the wooden balcony of his room and survey scenes almost identical with those which he contemplated while composing his wonderful works. "The Plaza has preserved its old triangular form, two sides straight and the third curved, with the single broad path that leads to the Alcázar. The shops still run inside the rough arcade that makes the circuit of the place, and loafers and gossips loiter upon the stone benches, while water-laden mules amble by and girls, effective and unimaginably graceful, with well-dressed heads and brilliant eyes, saunter into view, carrying on their hips earthen amphoras, which they have filled at the public fountain. These are features which have not changed since the grave sweet humourist trod this broken pavement." Much more might be written about Toledo but it would always be in the same strain. The old walls, the old-world atmosphere, and the sense of restfulness strike us in a thousand different ways. But if an active temperament or a modern mind unfit us to appreciate them or when at last the soothing influences begin to pall, as in the end they must, we may develop a hatred of the place unsurpassed even by the contempt which is conspicuous upon the faces of the spruce young officers—the sole remaining Toledo blades—who bemoan their fate in being quartered here. The only employment which remains is to search for traces of the old art of the armourers, which contributed probably more than anything else to establish the fame of Toledo. Once upon a time their shops and factories occupied the whole of the wide street which runs from the Zocodovar to the Puerta de Perpiñan.

The glory of Toledo blades, like nearly every other glory there, has in great measure departed, but a certain number of sword-makers and damascene workers still maintain a remnant of the old tradition, though they have had to conform somewhat to modern methods. At their apogee they formed the most important corporation in the town and possessed all manner of privileges, which extended even to the smaller fry who merely sold daggers and knives. Every armourer worked for himself and boasted of methods and secrets of his own. He might almost have been said to be the master of an artistic school, and great was the competition among

ambitious youths to be admitted among the ranks of his apprentices. The peculiar excellence to which the steel of Toledo owed its extraordinary fame throughout Europe is said to have been due to some special virtue possessed by the sand and water of the Tagus, just as the glorious beer of Munich is attributed to some special property in the waters of the Isar. The original iron came from the Basque mines of Mondragon and was also deemed essential to the general result. Now, however, both iron and steel are imported from abroad and the manufacture has sunk if anything below the average mediocrity of Europe. This is as striking an evidence as any of the universal decadence of Spain, for the famous weapons of Toledo attracted attention in song as far back as the days of the Romans. The Moors as usual advanced the art to its highest pinnacle and, though the armourers of Florence and Milan may have produced more artistic designs, Shakespeare was certainly justified in pronouncing "Toledo's trusty" to be the "soldier's dream." Each of the greatest makers had a mark or crest of his own and this was regarded as an indispensable warrant of his workmanship. That of Julien del Rey was a small heraldic dog. He was a converted Moor and obtained greater celebrity than any of his rivals predecessors or successors, King Ferdinand himself consenting to stand sponsor for him at the font. Other names, scarcely less famous, are those of Dionisio Corrientes, Orduño, Ruiz, Martinez and Cantera. Any of their work, still to be found amid the lumber of curiosity dealers, may almost be said to be worth its weight in gold. What, however, most appeals to the lay mind is probably the Espado de Tosca, the steel of which is so true and finely tempered that it may be doubled right back and shut up thus in a box for any length of time. Most of the modern work is now absorbed by the Government factory, which stands some little distance out of the town and by no means repays a visit, everything there being inferior and commonplace. It would appear indeed that this marvellous art, like so many others, has entirely passed away and may never hope to be revived. For the age of the sword died with the spirit of chivalry and the modern conqueror, with his machine guns and dull mathematical calculations, would remain merely puzzled and powerless if we placed in his hand a Durandal or an Excalibur. The days of romance faded away long ago and even at Toledo we may only find misty memories which heighten our impatience and deepen our gloom.

VILLAGE HISTORY.

WE are in danger of allowing the local historical continuity of our own times with those of our fathers to become obscured. Our social and industrial conditions change so rapidly that the links between past and present are apt to be broken. This is the case not only in towns, but also in villages; and the young everywhere are growing up almost as ignorant of the local past as if they had been born into a new country. They learn the history of to-day from the newspapers; they are taught at school a few historical dates and colourless historical outlines; and they pick up from several sources something about lands and places at a distance. But of the history—natural, civil, or political—of their own village they know almost nothing. The newspaper has usurped the place of the grey-headed raconteur who used to hand on the traditions of the parish. The schoolmaster is rare who has time or wish or qualification to make the local past the text of any of his lessons: it is easier and more profitable for him to stick to his text-books than to make the village history or the local natural phenomena the starting-points of his lessons. Our young people may get to know what is called the history of their own country and yet be left entirely ignorant of any part which their own parish may have taken in that history.

In fact, we need modern representatives of Gilbert White in every village, to expound the history and antiquities—White's antiquarian writings are almost forgotten—as well as the natural history of their own locality. It is true that our professional antiquaries and archaeologists have learnedly—or unlearnedly—

descanted on many of our local relics; but their disquisitions slumber placidly upon dusty shelves, and some of the objects which these sages have embedded in their volumes were never of much more value than the stone discovered by Mr. Pickwick. Only a few students are the wiser for the investigations of these investigators; and the mass of the villagers are left in humdrum ignorance of things a knowledge of which would lead them to take a livelier interest in their everyday surroundings. What is needed is a local clique to make it "good form" to be intimately acquainted with the past history and with the natural phenomena of their parish. There may be little or nothing—sometimes much, very seldom nothing—connected with their place that has a strong interest to outsiders; but everything local has an interest to the people of the locality. The heir of many historical ancestors is keenly interested in the records of his inherited home; and villagers must needs become attached to what they can call "our village" in proportion as they know its history and understand its past as well as its present relationship to the outside world. Societies of village antiquaries could easily be formed. There are generally a squire and his family, a parson, and often a doctor. Independent residents in villages are multiplying. Farmers' sons are now educated in good schools and some of them settle at home and add to the general intelligence of the place. Others, lower in social rank, are not incapable of appreciating research and are often able to assist in it. The village concert or amusing entertainment might occasionally be superseded by an evening given to a lecture or a conversation on local study and research. A collection might be gathered of village archives to which additions could be made from time to time, and with it the villagers could in different ways be rendered familiar. The leaders of such a coterie would derive as much pleasure from these pursuits as from many of the fashionable fads; they would, perhaps, in some cases be relieved from ennui; and the villagers would discover that their native place was something more than a mere fortuitous collection of uninteresting but necessary domiciles. The place would become "our village" to which such and such a distinguished person had belonged, which had had a share in such and such an important event.

Material for study and research would everywhere be abundant, especially as the end aimed at would not be the enlightenment of the outside world so much as the education and amusement of the villagers. The geology and natural history of the parish; the manorial history; the church and its antiquities; the story of the local non-conformity, where such local nonconformity exists—often a pathetic story when rightly understood; and the tale of notable parishioners: here is a scheme full enough to satisfy the most zealous local student and antiquary. Few parishes would fail to furnish interesting material under each of the above heads. The interest would often be found to be in inverse proportion to the present population of the parish. The writer has discovered the richest mines in some of the smallest and obscurest villages. The geology and natural history—notably the botany—of the parish might be made the introduction to a scientific appreciation of the outside world—a far better introduction than the repelling cram of most of our schools. The manorial and personal history of a village is, when intelligently studied, positively fascinating. The dry dates and generalisations of our historical text-books acquire a vivid interest, even to the ordinary villager, when they are illustrated by the lives of men who actually lived in the local manor house or were born of "poor but honest parents" in the quaint old village street. To take an example or two at random. The manor of the little sequestered village of — has belonged to men and women who figured in the Wars of the Roses, played conspicuous parts in the French affairs of our early Henries, and furnished land for the endowment of colleges. The equally sequestered village of — came acutely into contact with both sides of the ecclesiastical troubles of the seventeenth century in the persons of several notable men. And such examples can be found everywhere. In the cases mentioned, and in a number of others similar, many of the facts were popularly forgotten until the story of

the parishes was made accessible not merely to the squire and the parson—who themselves had in several instances something to learn—but also to the villagers. Then the church—the building—is a veritable museum of antiquities, when it has not been too ruthlessly “restored.” Fortunately, there remain many of our out-of-the-way churches still unspoiled. Doubtless these silent monuments unconsciously influence the peasantry for good; but what object-lessons of art they might easily be made by wise teachers! They are textbooks of English religious history only waiting intelligent expositors to enable even the cottagers to understand and appreciate them. Queer things, too, come to light under the investigator’s eye, in connexion with some of these churches. “Cromwell and his men” are not responsible for all the despoiling that has been done. Two of the bells—leaving only one—belonging to —church were sold by the churchwardens to pay off a church debt. In another parish, a couple of bells were sold by the squire’s widow to aid in defraying her late husband’s debts. What has become of some of the brasses that have disappeared since Cromwell ceased to trouble anyone? In —church a valuable piece—almost unique in its way—of tapestry has recently been rescued from the church dust-bin and carefully restored. If the people in a village were taught to know and appreciate the church and its furniture, the ignorance of churchwardens and the cupidity of indifferent squires would be prevented from causing the perpetration of such acts of sacrilege.

If the men and women of “light and leading” in our villages would emulate Gilbert White and encourage local study, life in our villages would be made much more picturesque than it is to all classes of the community. There would be less temptation to our more intelligent village lads to leave their homes. A local patriotism would be engendered which at present is all too rare; and things which are looked upon as too commonplace to deserve attention would become objects of interest and in many cases of local pride.

HAPPINESS AND MATERIAL PROGRESS.

THERE are many beliefs the truth of which is popularly accepted as self-evident, but which will be found on reflection to be not indeed wholly false but to consist of ingredients in which truth is considerably overweighted by falsehood. Of such beliefs perhaps the most signal example is the belief that human happiness grows proportionally with material progress—that it increases with the increase of comforts, luxuries, and conveniences and that it is diffused proportionately with their diffusion. This doctrine at the present day is being elevated into a kind of gospel and forms a principal basis of much modern social legislation. But how far does this belief correspond really with the truth of things? We shall find that between the two there is a very grave discrepancy. Truth, in the present case, as it is in almost all cases connected with the human character, is a mean between two extremes; and it is just as false to suppose that happiness really increases with every addition to the appliances of ease and enjoyment as it is to suppose that it is not diminished or extinguished by the diminution, the withdrawal, or the absence of a certain number of them. Thus whilst a man who is starving is doubtless always miserable, a man who is sufficiently fed is by no means always happy. There are certain persons whose taste is more acute than their philosophy, who are reduced to extreme wretchedness by the ministrations of a bad cook: and yet we may venture to say of them that the best chef in Europe would not be for any one of them a universal talisman against sorrow. The truth of the matter would really seem to be this—that the external appliances and the external supports of life, when they sink below a certain minimum, forbid men to be happy; and when they rise above a certain minimum they permit men to be happy, now and then; but that, taken by themselves, their power extends no farther. Man’s happiness, from that point onwards, depends not upon them but upon man.

At first sight, no doubt, such a statement seems paradoxical. Let us test it by glancing at the progress which the present century has witnessed in the material circumstances of all classes of the population. We can apply this test most easily through the assistance of such characters in fiction as have been generally recognised by the world as true and typical human beings. Let us take then some of the characters of Miss Austen and Sir Walter Scott and compare them with those of Trollope and George Eliot; or the characters of the earlier with those of the later novels of Dickens. Between the days of the Antiquary and the days of Daniel Deronda, between the days of Emma and Fanny Price and those of Mrs. Casaubon and Maggie Tulliver, there has been an improvement in the general appliances of life, to which no parallel exists in the history of the whole world. Two of the most familiar examples of this are the improvements in the means of travelling and the improvements in postal communication. But can it be maintained that the contemporaries of Daniel Deronda who travel sixty miles an hour in the luxury of first-class carriages are a happier race than the contemporaries of the Antiquary, who crawled over ill-kept roads in Mrs. Macleuchar’s diligence? Are the Maggie Tullivers and the Mrs. Casaubons, who can waft their sighs from Indus to the Pole for twopence-halfpenny, happier than the Emmas and the Fanny Prices and the Elizabeth Bennets of Miss Austen? Were the heroes and heroines of “Great Expectations” and “Our Mutual Friend” happier persons than Sam Weller or Mr. Pickwick? There is nothing in literature which affords us the smallest indication that the spirit of happiness grows with what we call material progress. It may of course be argued—and our reference to the works of Dickens will supply the argument with an ample number of illustrations—that material progress, or rather the indirect results of it, will reduce or extinguish many causes of acute unhappiness. The general increase of wealth, the increased ease of travelling, postal improvements, and astonishing development of newspapers have made many of the abuses, scandals and hardships impossible which excited the mirth and compassion of the author of “Nicholas Nickleby.” We may venture to hope that few schoolboys to-day are so miserable and degraded as the pupils of Mr. Squeers. But do the playing-fields of Eton to-day, or those of any reputable grammar school, contain higher spirits than they did a hundred years ago? There is nothing to show, or even make us suspect, that such is the case.

Let us turn from the witness of fiction to that of our own experience. Those of the present generation who have outlived their first youth have witnessed the enormous improvement that has taken place in London hotels and in London restaurants and other places of entertainment. Now does anyone suppose that the section of the human race which passed the month of June at Claridge’s ten or twelve years ago will find, if it passes that month at the glorified Claridge’s next season, that its happiness has increased with the splendour or even the improved sanitation of the building? Does the youth of to-day find more enjoyment at the Empire than the manhood of to-day found in its youth at Evans’? Or let us take again one of the most popular of modern inventions—namely, the bicycle. The bicycle is undoubtedly a source of happiness to millions; but to say this is a very different thing from saying that the actual sum total of conscious happiness has been increased by it. All the happiness that depends directly on external things arises from the satisfaction of some desire. But the degree of happiness depends not on the absolute character of the things desired but on the ratio between men’s knowledge, experience and conception of what is desirable and their attainment of it. An impatient traveller seventy years ago was better satisfied with going ten miles an hour on a coach than he would be now with going twenty miles an hour in a train. Thus new luxuries and conveniences increase our means of enjoyment but they increase *pari passu* our own desires and expectations. The ratio between the two thus remains the same; and the happiness which we experience when our desires and expectations are satisfied remains the same also.

How, then, it will be asked, if such is really the case, have men come to make any material progress at all? Why do we call the movement in question progress? And why do we not allow ourselves indolently to slip back into barbarism? The question is pertinent; and the answer would seem to be this. Though men do not suffer from the absence of material improvements, yet when once these are seen and offered to them they would suffer by not adopting them. Till the electric telegraph was introduced, nobody was made unhappy by the want of it; but as soon as it was offered to the world the world inevitably used it; and men began to feel incommoded if they had not access to a convenience which a few years before they had never dreamed of as a possibility. Economists often tell us that demand creates supply. It does so in a certain sense and in certain cases; but, so far as relates to the act of material progress, to the process of inaugurating improvements in the material resources of life, it is much truer to say that the supply creates the demand. The cause of the progressive supply itself is a different question altogether. This supply is ensured by the fact that the persons who introduce improvements profit themselves by introducing them, whether the world at large profits by their introduction or no. Whether it contributes or no to the sum of general happiness, it contributes or it promises to contribute to their own personal advancement; and it does so for the reason that whilst inferior means of enjoyment give as much happiness as the best, so long as men have no knowledge, no expectations of better, the moment the latter are obtainable, the inferiority of the former becomes manifest and they cease to give happiness any longer. Men find that in order to procure for themselves the same result they are obliged to have recourse to more delicate and more complicated means. To many people this doctrine will, at first sight, appear incredible; it will do so for the following reason. Taking any comfort, luxury or convenience to which they are attached, they will ask themselves what will be their condition were it suddenly taken away from them: and they will tell themselves, and tell themselves very truly that they would be acutely conscious of privation—that their happiness would be reduced to a definitely lower temperature. But persons who reason thus should be reminded of one great truth—that the happiness produced by the possession of any good bears no proportion whatever to the pain that may be occasioned by the loss of it; just as the fact that an aching tooth will plunge a man into the depths of torment does not prove that sound teeth will sustain him in a state of rapture. The cessation of a toothache is beyond all doubt rapturous; but the rapture dies away when the novelty of the cessation ceases. And any triumphs of material progress, so long as they are quite fresh, and we can vividly contrast them in our minds with the inferior conditions which they have superseded, may do something to heighten in us a consciousness of well-being; but when the improvements cease to be novel the temperature of our feelings will subside again. Habit, like death, is a universal leveller; and, putting out of the question absolute want and pain, it makes happiness approximately equal in all stages of civilisation. A man's material happiness consists not in the abundance of things which he possesses but in the proportion borne by the things which he possesses to the things which experience or education have compelled him to imagine or to desire.

THE CULT OF THE COUNTRY.*

AS the villagers cast longing eyes to the towns, our thoughts who live in the city yearn ever more for the country. Is this hapless perversity but the working of a primal curse that condemns us to care only for what we have not? The old story of the butterfly spoilt in its capture? Is it the reassertion of one of those elemental characteristics of human nature, which we grown up ones pharisaically ascribe to children, associating them with those child's rhymes that in their rude

simplicity catch up and best express such universal feelings? Children sing but we all feel—

"O that I were
Where I would be;
Then would I be
Where I am not.

But where I am
There must I be;
And where I would
There I cannot."

Would the inference be sound that of the dwellers in London most are there by compulsion; that if they had their way, they would migrate to the country and there rest satisfied? Surely not. But whether it be perversity or real love of the country, or vacancy that wants its complement, or desire for the relief of contrast, certain it is that educated Metro-politans cultivate country thoughts more and more. The cult has created a very literature of its own. Mr. George Dewar's "Wild Life in Hampshire," the latest contribution to this literature, would have been impossible not so very long ago—impossible—for there would not have been the environment to call it forth. It is an intensely modern book. It is not a sporting work—that is quite a different thing; it is not a natural history scientific or popular; it is not a guide-book, even a glorified one such as the "Highways and By-ways" of Devon or of Donegal, nor is it an artist's sketch book. Without any doubt, our fathers would have said of such a book, "What is this? We can make nothing of it. It seems to be meant for sportsmen, but what is all this about flowers and insects?" while the naturalist would have disdained a writer who evidently thought of birds as things that live in the trees and the large air rather than on pedestals in glass cases. But the man who wants such a work is not a naturalist and very often not a sportsman. It is just they who are not doing any of the things described that read these country books. What is it that they do want and which they find in this literature—for it is a literature. Jefferies and the "Son of the Marshes" and the Rev. W. Warde Fowler by themselves justify the term. And the Haddon Hall Library has taken up the tradition and so far has reverently carried it on. Are Izaak Walton and Gilbert White the real progenitors of these writers? Perhaps; but even so that would not be inconsistent with the very modern character we have ascribed to such literature. White and Walton stand by themselves: they were not the product of their time; and such vogue as had their work with former generations was due to its literary charm. Their kinship with the modern pursuit of the country has produced, as might have been expected, an extraordinary development of their popularity, as witness the startling and steadily increasing prices given for copies of the earlier editions. What is the niche, then, that such books fill? What is their secret? Is it the interpretation of nature? Hardly: that is the work of a poet; only a poet can interpret nature and not by any means every poet. To be a prophet of nature is given to one or two in an age: it was given to Wordsworth; it was given to Tennyson. Something indeed of the prophetic mind may be traced in Mr. Dewar's work, as in that of every one of the group; for it is necessary to its existence. Without it, their work would sink into the cut and dried conventionalism of sport or natural history. But it would be an idle affectation to dignify the very real and entirely healthy charm of these writings with the name of poetry. They have their poetic side, they could not fail to have a poetic side, but that is not their essence, their all. And in the same way we do not think these books can claim to spring from communion with nature. Acquaintance with nature, yes, the very closest acquaintance, but communion is with the heart, with the soul. And there is a difference between nature and the country. Many truly love the country who do not know nature and could not love her, if they did. We admit gladly that all these writers can interpret the country; indeed, they so interpret the country that we cannot doubt that they are capable of communion with nature. Sir

* "Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands." Haddon Hall Library. By George A. B. Dewar. London: Dent. 1899. 7s. 6d. net.

Edward Grey's* book left no doubt of that; as it equally left no doubt that he had none of the power of expression which is the gift of the interpreter.

But were these books on the higher plane to which we have tried to point, they would not fill the place they do now; they would probably have few readers instead of very many; they would certainly be failures commercially instead of one of the most safely successful "lines" on which a publisher can embark. We can have no quarrel with these writers that they do not succeed in what they do not attempt. We only wish that most literary aspirants were anything like as successful in what they do attempt. And the success of these books inevitably raises in us apprehensions of a host of imitators. Many have acuteness enough to perceive that the field is very large and at present mainly unoccupied but fewer the sense to see that they have not the intelligence to occupy it. First we warn off the book maker; should we at any time come across an imitation obviously born of a boom, we will do our utmost to expose its shame without any kind of mercy. Next, we warn the more dangerous bidder with literary gifts but without the love and the knowledge of the country. Lastly, we trust that they who love the country in all honesty but cannot tell their love to any purpose will strenuously resist the temptation to commit themselves to ink.

But let us return to Mr. Dewar's book, an example as typical of its class as delightful in itself. He chooses a familiar spot in his own county, the home of earlier years, and takes the reader with him round all the loved haunts and lets him into the secret of their associations. Everything, birds, flowers, butterflies, fishes, gather round the "kindred points of heaven and home," which is the sentiment of the story; for in a sense "Hampshire Highlands" is a story; there is a thread runs through it all. Common objects of the country are the characters, and their doings as observed by him who tells the story the events. And these events evoke ideas, sentiments, literary memories, such as appeal to any cultivated man. Could there be a book more exactly suited to the modern townsman's cult of the country? He will find the sympathy which is necessary to his enjoyment in ideas which find their counterpart latent in himself, while the impulse that moves imagination and memory is the face of nature, as he has known her. The pleasure is refreshing as the sight of a friend long absent. It is as though one he knew and loved spoke to him face to face although away. There is just the pleasing combination of surprise and familiarity. To give the illusion all its charm, the friend from the country must speak for himself as the townsman has known him speak. The showman who produces the illusion must keep in the background. And in that we have a quarrel with Mr. Dewar. He shows us too much the mechanism of his effects. Maybe, he finds it necessary to write down his momentary impressions of nature in a note-book (a sufficiently prosaic and humiliating thing in itself), but why insist on thrusting the note-book under our eyes? The points taken are all interesting indeed, but in spite, very much in spite of the note-book form. Surely he can see how inartistic it is to allow the mechanical contrivance to break in on the form he has given to his ideas. Why spoil the effect of his own art? He should remember Wordsworth's indignant rebuke, "You cannot take an inventory of nature." What would Wordsworth have said to this?

"June 4th, a grey but soft evening. 8.20 P.M. Skylarks still singing . . . and a yellowhammer calling. . . . 8.55 P.M. a cuckoo is shouting . . . many thrushes are now singing, the nightjar is just beginning, the partridge is very persistent . . . the nightingale is silent. 9: partridge and landrail alone are now to be heard. . . ." Fancy timing the cadences of nature's evening hymn as you would the departure of trains or the duration of House of Commons speeches!

But he discards the inventory when he arranges his scenes. "The Sweet of the Year" "The Woodlands' Medley" "A Birds'-Nester's Notes" "Among the Butterflies" "The Silent Time": that is a fine series of pictures. With Thomson, Mr. Dewar leaves us in

the lifeless time when winter "reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year." A melancholy conclusion; why not begin with winter? Spring follows winter as much as winter autumn. Chaos, according to all the legends of the creation, preceded life. But the temptation was too great. The artist in the writer had not the heart to diminish from the summer pageant's effect by allowing it to come slowly, imperceptibly into the reader's vision and as slowly, imperceptibly pass out; though that is just what nature does. No: he will have the glorious picture come upon us complete, perfect in all its fresh brilliancy of colour. Open the book and you are at once in the heart of "the sweet of the year." Certainly he was perfectly entitled to present his subject in that way, for, as we have said, the book is not a work of natural history. And we cannot doubt that for the town worshipper of Nature, a series of pictures is far more effective than a cycle that never begins and never ends. And it was a sure instinct that guided the writer to leave the early green of June and the singing of the nightingale as the supreme features of young summer. The bright light verdure is as the countenance of youth and the singing of the nightingale its heart. But Keats and Wordsworth sympathised with that wondrous song better than Tennyson or Coleridge whom Mr. Dewar quotes. "O nightingale, thou surely art a creature of a fiery heart" carries all the meaning, but not all the music of the song as does the gorgeous poetry of Keats. That song is verily the musical incarnation of youth's eternal heart. It gathers up in a splendour of sound all the passionate longings of the young, their generous aspirations, their uncontrollable sorrows; the stream of melody might be the bursting of pent-up indignation at the wrongs of the world; the bitter outpouring of the pain of love; inconsolable agony at a friend's death; it might be the vain, strange tears of a child overcome with joy of the country's beauty; it might be the weeping of happiness too intense not to be painful. It is all of youth except the joy of life for itself, the elation of physical vigour; that is sung by the skylark. There is nothing in the sky or on the earth or in the waters under the earth at all like the nightingale's song but one thing: that is but one thing beside it: the passionate strains of a violin in the hands of a master.

But why has Mr. Dewar marred the effect of his pleasantly infectious love of English warblers by disparagement of the birds of the tropics? Do his favourites gain by the petty belittling of others of different qualities? What insular prejudice is this, "the gaudy, flaunting unmelodious creatures of the tropics"? Is he destitute of the fine catholicity of nature? It is a disastrous outburst, for it seems to indicate that he knows these splendid creatures only in the Commercial Sale-rooms or in the hats of the careless ladies. There indeed they are gaudy, they are flaunting. But put them in their natural surroundings of heavy tropical foliage, and these bright specks against the sombre background come as a delightful relief. We are glad that the writer's patriotic advocacy of English wild flowers has not led him to flout the orchids of South America because they are gayer and grander than our humble orchis, or to despise the majestic lilies of Japan. It would be very unfair, however, to allow this unhappy lapse to throw doubt on the genuineness of Mr. Dewar's love of birds and of wild flowers. Not a page in the book but stamps true his love of nature. Witness his affection for our own special favourites, the butterflies. What matter that his entomology is old-fashioned? He knows them as they live. He sees them as they are, the fairies, the nymphs, the sylphs of the country. They truly are not of the earth. Idle they are, indeed; even feeding has ceased to be a business; they have time to give even eating an idyllic appearance. There is an idleness which is beautiful. How well the older entomologists entered into the spirit of butterfly life when they called them after the Naiads, the Dryads, and the Oreads of "the bright mythology of Greece." How finely Iris, she of the rainbow wings, the swift fair messenger, fits Mr. Dewar's favourite, the Emperor of butterflies!

But in all this can one forget the pervading pathetic

* "Fly-fishing:" Haddon Hall Library.

fallacy? Forget that the majestic flight of the purple Emperor is often but a search for garbage? Forget that all is but our thoughts of these creatures; that the investiture is ours; that the creatures know nothing of it? Forget that the spring of all is just food, drink, the continuance of the species; that they have no kind of heart and are all unscrupulously selfish? Beauty is not the end of colour and form; it is almost certain that every mark and every shape is just a part of the æconomy of mere material existence. Can one know this and escape depression? Can an evolutionist take any attitude towards his old love of nature but that of an agnostic or even an atheist to his old faith? If he has faith he can, for in the Divine mind the evolution of matter may ever have had a twofold aspect, mere material development for the matter itself, the support of life, but an æsthetic and even a moral side in relation to man's spiritual destiny. This is indeed a hard saying; but to surrender love of nature as but an amiable fallacy is harder.

THE DECADENCE OF BAYREUTH.

IT is an unhappy but unalterable fact that in this world, inhabited by more or less unhappy humans, the old order chanceth, yielding place to new; it is an equally unhappy and equally unalterable fact that those who run the old order, who live for it, and eat and drink and find shelter by it, never perceive quickly enough when the time for change has arrived. And, especially when they have witnessed the founding of the order, they persist to the last in thinking themselves shockingly advanced people: in the decrepit old age of their movement they cheer themselves by telling of the victories they are winning daily. The world—the genuinely alive and thinking part of the world—has shot clean past them; they see the crowd far away in front of them and chuckle confidently, merrily, as they say it is certainly coming their way. They are, as the case may be, religious, moral, political, scientific or artistic "vieux marcheurs." They are bucks of seventy, gay young dandies of seventy-five; they are outmoded and outworn; but amongst themselves they are still the triumphant conquerors of the hearts of all the ladies. The sight can be seen every day in religion, in ethics, in politics, science and in art; and it is a pathetic one. It is most pathetic of all when we see young men and women enthusiastically joining in a spent movement, when we see them eagerly preaching a gospel that the world has absorbed and assimilated. The man who tries to make a horse eat the chaff when it has just made a good meal of the corn is a fool; and what are these?

Bayreuth was a glorious idea; but, like most glorious ideas, it was not capable of being realised in the concrete. Or rather, it has been realised in a way that its inventor never dreamed of. In a very short time the Bayreuth idea has had tremendous consequences in musical Europe. It has reformed every important opera-house in Europe—excepting, of course, Covent Garden, which, perhaps, may not consider itself an opera-house; it has produced a few great conductors and many very excellent ones—amongst them Richter, Mottl, Weingartner, Muck; it has produced a large number of extraordinarily fine operatic singers and an almost incalculable number of first-rate orchestral players; it has resulted in the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner—even of Handel and Wagner—being frequently played as those composers intended it to be played. But the idea has not been realised as Wagner wished it to be realised. How could it be? Naturally the people in possession of the theatre want to remain in possession; naturally also—as a great man's disciples are, unluckily, always second- or third-rate people—they keep as strictly as their decayed memories will permit to the letter of the law laid down by Wagner and altogether forget its spirit; and so they go on, perfectly satisfied with Wagner's first hasty make-shifts—nay, more than satisfied, highly delighted with them, and scornful of those who are not satisfied—while other opera-houses absorb Wagner's spirit and continue to improve operatic representations in every possible way, just as Wagner himself would have continued to im-

prove them if he could have lived. The Bayreuth clique is at best a clique of "vieux marcheurs." They believe themselves still to be young and progressive; but we have passed them and smile at their antics, the performances they arrange, and the sermons they preach in books and in newspapers.

The worst of the business is that when the old order survives into the new time it not merely ceases to be useful but becomes actually harmful. Tennyson only spoke the truth when he said that "God fulfils himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world." Bayreuth is still in many respects equal to any opera-house in the world. The working of the scenery—not the scenery itself—and the lighting are beyond all praise. Sometimes the management of the crowds is good; sometimes the playing of the orchestra is fairly good. In so far, Bayreuth is an example to be followed. But the average orchestral playing, the scenery, the singing of the principals, and their acting, are very far from being things to be followed. And, above all, Bayreuth is become a warning to all men not to try to run an opera—even with the most magnificent means—without men of brains and temperament. I read a few days ago a singularly fatuous article on Bayreuth in the "Daily Chronicle." The writer said "For months beforehand singers, stagecarpenters, scene-shifters, et id genus omne, have been trained to pull together in a manner unknown at any other opera-house in the world; each shade of lighting has been calculated to a hair's breadth; every cloud that passes across the stage has had its exact tempo assigned it; and then the orchestra, though naturally not available for so long a stretch of preliminary rehearsal, has yet been carefully taken through its paces step by step." But what do these things avail when none or few of the singers have voices, when the conductors are either tenth-rate men or men who are too low down to be classed at all, when the whole organisation is in the hands of men untouched by the artistic temperament? Again, that same foolish article states that "owing to the illness of Felix Mottl, the conducting of both cycles of the 'Ring' falls this year to Siegfried Wagner. The management (*i.e.* Madame Wagner and Siegfried) of the Bayreuth theatre has acted very wisely in paying no heed to adverse comments previously indulged in by a certain hostile section of the Press. . . . It is of the highest importance that Richard Wagner's son and heir should be placed in the position to carry on the work when the author's widow in the natural course of events shall lay it down.

. . . I have no hesitation in saying that were Herr Siegfried called by any other name than 'Wagner,' his talent (as a conductor) would long since have been greeted with a burst of acclamation. The members of the orchestra know well enough when they have a real personality to lead them and more than one of them has expressed to me their confidence in his control." Here, surely, we see the once good custom corrupting the world. The writer of the article is a man of fine intentions and of very rare ability; but he has been captured by the old order and seems to have lost his musical ear, his taste, his judgment and his logic. The *réclame* never went lower than this. The world is asked to accept bad performances as model performances; and the argument amounts to this: that even if the performances sounded bad, some of the performers told the writer that they were good, and therefore they were good. It is perfectly certain that Siegfried would never have got a hearing at all if his name had not been Wagner, yet we are asked to believe that his failure whenever he has conducted was due to his name being Wagner. It is of no importance at all that Richard Wagner's son and heir should carry on Bayreuth; but, even if he wishes to carry it on, he should have sufficient respect for his father's memory to get the best men available to do the work he is incompetent to do himself. Even if Mottl were ill—which he was not—Muck, Weingartner, Nikisch, and Herz of Breslau, whom we had here a few weeks ago, were available; and they are all musicians of infinitely greater gifts than Siegfried Wagner or Mr. Fischer of Munich. It is not only in the choice of conductors that we see how low Bayreuth has fallen, but in the choice of the principal singers.

Many of them are competent artists; some of them were competent artists thirty years ago; but scarcely one this year was the best to be found for his or her particular part. In fact the "management" seems to indulge in the pretty habit of weeding out its best singers. Their positions, at any rate, are made intolerable by someone, and they refuse to sing. Where is Marie Brema now? and how is it that many of the most famous artists in Europe absolutely refuse to appear at Bayreuth? Whatever the reasons may be—and I know them perfectly well—the fact remains that the best artists do not appear at Bayreuth. And the representations given by second-rate singers, under second-rate or no-rate conductors, without an artistic master-mind to organise and inspire the whole thing, these are held up as models for the rest of the world! They are not artistic performances; they are not beautiful, but ugly; they have ceased even to be sincere.

So Bayreuth is rushing down the steep place. Its descent might have been less rapid had the show been managed by competent people. But the "management" has carried on a game of bluff; and in artistic matters you cannot bluff. Because Madame Wagner is Wagner's widow she is assumed to have shared Wagner's prodigious operatic gift; and Siegfried Wagner is assumed to have inherited it because he is Wagner's son. The performances are the test; and the performances show the bluff to be merely bluff. When Wagner died his body was put in the back garden at Bayreuth; and his spirit left for other places—it, at any rate, cannot be found in Bayreuth. It can be found in Munich, Frankfurt, Breslau, Hamburg, Karlsruhe—wherever there are musicians striving to give not only Wagner's music but all the great men's music, as beautifully and sincerely as possible; one certainly would not dream of finding it in the town where Wagner's son and widow are held to be greater than Wagner, where Wagner's music is not given as well as it might be because it is of "the highest importance" that, given badly or beautifully, it should be given by the son, and because, whether it is sung beautifully or badly, it is of "the highest importance" that the singers positively adore the widow. Bayreuth is kept alive now by the people who go out of curiosity to spend a holiday. It is a very agreeable place for a holiday, if only the performances were not intolerable. But they are intolerable; and they who go once will not go again. As soon as the curiosity of the public is satisfied the public will cease to go and Bayreuth will be deserted. It will be deserted the sooner if Motil gets the new Wagner theatre built at Lucerne; but whether the collapse takes place sooner or later, the "management" will never believe how much they have hastened it.

J. F. R.

FINANCE.

WE have been favoured with another eminently unsatisfactory week on the Stock Exchange. The condition of politics, in so far as South Africa is concerned, has shown no sign of mending, and the market is in a state of suspense. It looked at one time as though matters were telling for a solution but not in the peaceful manner which would be most agreeable to the House. When members reassembled on Monday after the Saturday holiday, and probably in a frame of mind to deal more freely in order to make up for lost time, they were met by a rumour that President Kruger had been treated by the British Government to an ultimatum. They had the good sense not to be frightened by this fiction of the "scare head" Press. Rightly or wrongly, the House has convinced itself that there will be no war with the Transvaal, and little things of this sort fail utterly to shake that conviction in its breast. Nor did members attach more importance to the statement that the British Government had been treated to an ultimatum by President Kruger. But there was the everlasting uncertainty, and it was recognised also that the stoppage of ammunition by the Portuguese had in it the

wherewithal to force matters to an issue had one party or both been that way disposed. Then again the reported sailing of the Manchester Regiment from Gibraltar for the Cape was not a pleasing piece of information, and the Boer suggestion that the suzerainty rights should be relinquished in return for certain concessions was not calculated to satisfy the aspirations of Downing Street. These considerations, notwithstanding the disbelief in extreme measures, were enough to cause uneasiness, not only in the section most intimately concerned, but in the House generally, following the lead of Consols. Another adverse factor was the development of weakness displayed by the Paris Bourse as a result of the rioting in that city and the generally unsatisfactory position of affairs. We had occasion last week to remark upon the wonderful firmness shown by Paris in face of a whole host of disturbing influences. That attitude has now been partially lost. The weakness of the early part of the week has passed away, but Paris is still uneasy and apprehensive. Meantime it is waiting—not selling much, but on the other hand not buying much. As a result, things dependent upon Paris in this market have been for the better part of the week more or less stagnant. The holidays, and the doubtful outlook for money, have been not without effect in restraining business, and at the time of writing the forthcoming settlement and the shadow of the holiday this week-end were also beginning to make themselves felt.

At the moment, the monetary situation is quite satisfactory, and the publication of the Bank return on Thursday furnished further evidence of the success which is rewarding the efforts of Threadneedle Street to improve the position for the autumn. On balance the Bank received up to Wednesday evening the sum of £447,000 from abroad. Thanks to this, and to the return of more money from the country, the stock of coin and bullion shows an increase of £842,500. The note circulation is reduced by more than £462,000, and as a result we have an increase of as much as £1,305,000 in the reserve, which at 48·96 per cent. is 2·62 per cent. higher than a week ago. The reserve to-day stands at £23,577,000 compared with £24,120,502 at the corresponding period of last year, and the position, so far as it goes, may be regarded as reassuring. Certainly the stringency is no longer felt, and the efforts made to bring the Bank to a proper state of preparedness for the demands which will be made upon it before long have been quite as successful as one had valid reason to expect. In the past month the position has been strengthened very materially, the reserve showing an increase of more than £2,000,000, while the proportion to liabilities has risen nearly 4½ per cent. But though the improvement has been very real and not a little marked, the Bank cannot as yet be said to be safe. There need be no anticipation of a rise in the official rate of discount, failing any extraordinary developments, until towards the end of next month, and then a 4½ per cent. rate will in all probability meet the requirements of the case, especially if money continues in the meantime to be attracted to anything like the same extent as during the past three weeks or so. The foreign exchanges this week have remained tolerably steady, and there has, therefore, been no disturbance of the inward flowing movement from those quarters. Meantime, money is in good supply for immediate requirements, and as the demand has also been more than fair, taking one day with another, rates show no very violent fluctuations either way, keeping in the neighbourhood of 2 per cent. for call loans and about ½ per cent. more for fixtures. Discounts have shown a tendency in the last few days to ease off, and the good Bank showing has not been a factor in the maintenance of rates.

Home Railways may be called a steady market, but business has been on an exceedingly small scale, and the week has been singularly devoid of features. The traffics have been for the most part good, and the "heavies" in particular have shown encouraging results. The Great Western's increase of £24,260 is referable, of course, to the exceptional circumstances

with which everyone is acquainted—the South Wales coal strike and the set-back caused thereby to the mineral traffic of the company. But the North-Western's increase of £10,587 and the Midland's increase of £6,209 represent the measure of increased business due to the brisk condition of the country's manufacturing industries. The North-Eastern reports a decline of £5,054 on the week. A very good traffic is that of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, which reports an increase of £11,004. It is probably as a consequence of this and of the generally satisfactory condition of the company that attention has been paid to "Leeds" stock this week. For the rest, there is not much to hang on to, as it were, in regard to the Home Railway section this past week. Chatham issues have been in some demand. The recognition that the company has done better than the South-Eastern in the joint arrangement is becoming more general—whence the greater degree of attention paid to its stocks.

Great Central Deferred has also come in for a little attention. The good traffics have given rise to the belief that the line is likely to do better than was at one time thought probable from the extension to London. Concerning this, we would remark that, though the traffics have been certainly good of late, the assumption seems somewhat premature, and that the company has plenty of leeway to make up before its Deferred Stock can hope to participate steadily in the improvement. At the same time, it has all along seemed to us that the vaticinations of the prophets as to the future of this company have been unduly pessimistic. Another stock which has received some support is Districts. It has been put up by the old group, which has talked volubly about the acquisition of the line by the big companies which have been making a bid for it. At the meeting Mr. Forbes gave it to be understood that the negotiations had not fallen through. At the same time, he intimated quite clearly that they were in abeyance, and we have grave doubts ourselves, even should they be resumed actively at some future date, whether anything tangible will result. The various companies which are offering for the property have their own ends to serve. Their interests are in a large degree mutually antagonistic, and if they adjust these, it is possible that the terms which they may care to offer may not prove of advantage to District holders. Then, again, there is the question of parliamentary sanction for any scheme which may be formulated and agreed upon, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that Parliament will be jealous of surrendering the rights of the shareholders to any company or combination which will not use the line in the first place for their benefit. Scotch stocks have received a fair share of attention, in connexion with the forthcoming dividends, and Coras especially have been active. The disturbing factor in this situation is the rise in expenditure. The income of the companies has been good, the Scotch lines being in this respect on a par with the English. But, as in the case of the English again, the indications point to the absorption of a not inconsiderable proportion of the better revenues by heavier expenditures, and this has been a disturbing influence, though it has to be allowed that the market has been less impressed with the argument than it might have been. If we except the Southern lines, which have been well affected by the fine weather, Home railways have nothing else to show for this week; and though members are hoping for a revival in public interest, it does not seem probable that we shall see any marked improvement in the volume of transactions for some two or three (or even more) weeks to come.

Last week it was the Westralian market which was able to boast of the largest amount of business. This week, Americans have been perhaps the most active section of the House. There has been good support from Wall Street; and in a smaller way the Continent, and especially Germany, has been buying. The Bank statement proved to be satisfactory enough and this gave encouragement in the first place to New York. Operators here took advantage of the good prices sent

over to realise; but on the other hand the bullish feeling in America led to fresh bull outbreaks on this, and in the end the markets steadied down, receiving tolerably consistent support every afternoon from the New York side, notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Keene and the "bears" under his leadership. The period of reaction in American Rails, which we were told to look out for more than a little while ago, is a long time coming, and just now the industrial conditions in the country assuredly do not point to any development of that sort. Business in every department of productive activity is brisk, and if the iron and steel trade is any index to the condition of things as a whole, it must be months before any unfavourable developments can show themselves, assuming (quite gratuitously, too) that such developments are, as it were, on the way. The only trouble in sight is connected with the Presidential election, and that is so far off that it may be ignored for the time being. For the rest, it is certain from the general results, that American railways are better administered now than was formerly the case, and those who, not caring for the more speculative issues, have taken up their Bonds have undoubtedly secured investments which are worth holding. It may be pointed out, in this connexion, that one of the principal reasons for the demand for Preference issues is found in the difficulty of getting hold of Bonds, which are well held to some extent here and to a much greater extent in America itself. In Ordinary issues, which are occupying more than a little attention at this moment, the interest is distinctly more speculative, and it seems probable that, when quotations for these stocks go a little higher, public attention will turn more exclusively to the Preference again. The American stocks which appear to be the most promising are Louisvilles, Norfolk and North Pacific Common, and Atchison Preferences, with a few others. Among Canadian railways Canadian Pacifics have been steady but otherwise without feature. The traffic, however, has been an encouraging feature. In this market, Trunks have been the more prominent stock. The dividend gave assurance that the line, under the present management, was likely to go on improving, and as we stated last week, pious aspirations have been expressed touching a dividend on the Second Preference next time. On this matter we have nothing to say further than to repeat our belief that the Second should see a dividend before very long. Meantime, the traffics continue to surpass the general expectations of the House. This week, members had looked for from £12,000 to £15,000. The actual increase proved to be £15,663, wherewith the market was more than pleased. The effect on prices, however, following the announcement, was inconsiderable. The improvement had been fully discounted on the previous day and there followed a spell of profit-taking under which quotations went back.

Politics continue to dominate South African mines, and politics being unsatisfactory, or at any rate displaying no particularly encouraging feature, it follows that the condition of Kaffirs this week has been nothing to boast of. The Stock Exchange, as we have pointed out before in these columns, has quite made up its mind that there will be no war with the Transvaal. It believes that the policy of steady pressure, well maintained, will eventually secure for the Outlanders a reasonable measure of justice. In this particular, the Stock Exchange may be right or it may be all wrong. The answer is one that can only be given by time itself. But given the sentiment, the existing stagnation in business is a natural and inevitable consequence. No one cares to sell a "bear": no holders appear disposed to realise; and, on the other hand, no one thinks the present the right moment to buy. The man who cares to back his belief in a peaceful solution of the troubles by operating on that assumption will have his reward—provided the peaceful solution comes along. But at the bottom of all is the possibility—a very real one, too—that there may be war, and this of course spoils the prospect. The big houses are holding off, and the small man has little inducement to play with the market. The account open is so small, in fact, that even sensational news exercises little effect. At the beginning of the week, for example, when talk of ultimatums was supple-

mented by weakness from Paris, the South African market developed no excitement. It maintained a decent level of dulness and the declines were almost uniformly small. There was an improvement on Tuesday, by which time the ultimatum talk had been well discounted, whilst there was talk of "counter-proposals" submitted to the High Commissioner to confirm the market in its comforting conviction that, though there may be a lot of humbugging yet, there will be no war. This development did not give rise to any speculative display, but there was a small amount of quiet buying, though the support was not consistent and prices closed below the best of the day. Rand Mines, however, recovered more than their loss of the previous day. Coupled with the seemingly better news was a firmer tone in Paris. Not that that market did much to support, but the condition of things there looked decidedly better, and an absence of selling orders was negative satisfaction. The better feeling has been kept up tolerably well since, but the market is not likely to see any real revival in business until something is done to make it clear that the solution will be a pacific one, even though it be delayed in order that, in the elegant phrase of the street, President Kruger may "save his face."

In Westralians the feature of the week has been the shake out. The market was getting into a too manifestly unhealthy condition: the account had become overloaded, and the elimination of the weaker element will do it good—possibly, after this account has been arranged, may give it another run of activity. We persist in our belief that the present position and the prospects of the industry as a whole and of the leading mines in particular do not justify the wild excitement of the past few weeks and the high prices to which quotations have been rushed. That point, however, we need not emphasise. The market has certainly improved in condition since the banging tactics of Tuesday produced the shake out. Prior to that, Westralians had suffered in sympathy with South Africans from exaggerated politics. Seeing how large was the speculative interest and how susceptible was the market as a consequence, it is not surprising that the Paris news, coming on top of what looked like an acute development of the Transvaal difficulties, should have produced a mild set-back. The shake out was followed by some fresh buying orders, and the professionals took a hand, giving the market a tone that was something like strong. But compared with last week, Westralians are now in a very chastened mood. Though the tone is hard, there is no sustained demand, and business is perhaps quieter than at any time since the boom began. The approach of the settlement is no doubt responsible for this. Monday is carry-over day in mines, and, of its mercy, the committee of the Stock Exchange has granted a holiday to-day (Saturday). Among the shares that have attracted attention are Brownhills, which have been bought on Colonial account. Brownhill Extended have also been a feature on the operations of a clique which proposes to put them still higher, and which has not been silent on the subject of the rich chute. Rumours of amalgamation have also been flying about, and may be taken for what they are worth. Boulders have been good as a result of Colonial buying induced by the announcement that an additional lode had been struck at a depth of 800 feet. Boulder South has not allowed itself to be left behind. It has received a cable pointing to richness in the lode, and we would recommend that some allowance be made from the details given. Hampton Plains have been something of a feature, on hopes connected with the continuation of the Kalgurli formations through the company's property, added to optimistic reports as to the Victorian Deep Leads, in which the Hampton Plains Company is interested. Yesterday very little happened in this or any other market. The opening was indifferent, and though matters improved slightly later on, the emptying of the House in the afternoon in anticipation of the holiday made the close very uninteresting.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE RENT QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Westminster Abbey, 24 August.

SIR,—I have only just seen your article "In Relief of Rent" of 5 August. I am sure that there can be no question of greater importance than the question of the housing of the poor with which you deal, and I trust that before the winter much will be done to make the country generally realise the problem which it has got to face.

I observe that besides facing the problem you have a solution, viz., that in the case of land occupied by houses of not more than a certain rateable value the freeholder should not be allowed to let to anybody but bona-fide occupiers. I suppose in many parts of London the freeholder is the owner of a ground-rent and the real owner of the houses is the man who has rented the land on a long lease and built the houses. I suppose by freeholder then you mean freeholder or original lessee.

Meanwhile, however, as a prelude to legislation, what is surely to be done is to promote the feeling that the freeholder or original lessee is morally responsible for the condition of the houses. I have sometimes thought that it would be a great help to this sense of moral responsibility if all houses or at least those below a level of rateable value had to carry the name of the freeholder or original lessee, as the case might be, visible upon them. I think it would be a very great gain if, in some place visible to those who chose to look, the outside of every house, such as is at present in question, bore the name of the man on whom the real responsibility should rest for its condition.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES GORE.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with pleased attention the correspondence in your pages (in which as you may know I have an interest dating from far back) on the French language. Part of it, as is inevitable in such a discussion, seems to me more or less a logomachy, but other parts are full of real and lively interest.

It would not be possible in a brief letter to touch upon a half or even a third of the points suggested. May I then, premising that, as some of your correspondents have pointed out, Professor Tyrrel put himself straight out of court by the barbarous absurdity of "beaucoup belle"—may I, I say, confine myself to one or two matters contained in the excellent letter of my very old and very dear friend, Mr. Herman Merivale, an expert in knowledge of the French language "s'il en fût"?

What he says about the "secret consciousness" that though one may know French literature and speak the language unusually well for an Englishman, yet French cannot ever be the same to one as English, is both amusing and true. There are of course exceptions, two of which Mr. Merivale will certainly remember if he happens to read these lines. One such was the case of a near relation of mine who had a great linguistic talent and who lived so long as a student in Paris that not only Parisians (he spoke Parisian, a language by itself) but Frenchmen from the provinces entirely refused to believe that he was not a Frenchman. The other case in my mind was that of the late Alfred Wigan (by-the-bye Charles Mathews's skill in French was always talked of with much exaggeration) who certainly could have passed himself off as a Frenchman so far as speech went. He may also have written the language equally well, but that is a thing that does not naturally fall under one's observation. Yet I remember his telling me that he was always "beat" by one little word, a tiny word of one syllable, a word in constant employment, and that whenever he could he made a "circumbendibus" to avoid its use when he was talking to French people. What that word is I will leave your readers to guess.

For the reasons of these two cases and many others that I could cite with regard to all kinds of foreign

languages (take for example Professor Palmer and his knowledge of Arabic), I cannot think that Mr. Merivale is correct in his statement that "no man has really two languages, or can thoroughly appreciate or realise the forms of expression that poetry takes in other tongues than his own, however well he knows them." It would be incorrect to say that every well-born and well-educated Russian has, in this sense, at least two tongues, and yet, taking it "big and large" it would be nearer to correctness than Mr. Merivale's sweeping statement. And one may be sure that if so accomplished a French scholar as Mr. Merivale had lived for years continuously in France we should have found in him an addition to the list of men of two tongues.—Believe me, yours very truly,

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

[Mr. Walter Pollock will not need assurance from us that no name could be more welcome in our correspondence columns than his.—Ed. S.R.]

THE SCHOOL BOARD AUDIT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The auditor employed by the Local Government Board to examine the accounts of the School Board for London has under consideration a question of considerable interest to ratepayers in general and to friends of Voluntary Schools in particular.

On the 12th inst. Mr. John T. Taylor, the Chairman of the Committee of the Religious Education Union, appeared, as a ratepayer, before the auditor to call attention to certain proceedings of the School Board, and to object to the payment from public funds of any of the expenses directly or indirectly caused by them.

Mr. Taylor stated that last autumn the School Board advertised a proposal to acquire land for the addition of 200 school places to its Netley Street school in the S. Marylebone division; that this proposal was objected to on the ground that there were many vacant places, both in Board and Voluntary Schools in the immediate vicinity; and that thereupon the School Board employed some of its officers to call upon the parents of the children in a neighbouring Church School and to inquire of them whether they were not paying fees, and whether they would not prefer free education. The effect of such an inquiry so conducted, if it had any effect, would obviously be to detach children from a thoroughly efficient Church School and to create a fictitious appearance of need for additional Board School places. Moreover, the school attendance officers ("Visitors") were employed to make the inquiry. But these officers are engaged and paid from public funds to secure the attendance of children at efficient schools, without reference to the question whether the schools are Board or non-Board. Their duties in regard to a Voluntary School and to a Board School are identical. It is therefore essential that they should be absolutely impartial as between the two types of school. The inquiry they were ordered to make was distinctly partisan, and therefore inconsistent with the proper discharge of their regular duty. On these several grounds Mr. Taylor contended that the action of the School Board was not only ultra vires but was a violation of its legal obligations to Voluntary Schools and, in fact, illegal.

The defence set up on the part of the Board was that no expense had been caused by the inquiry; that the whole of the work had been done by officers in the regular employment of the Board; and that as there were no items in the accounts which could be identified as connected with the inquiry there was nothing for the auditor to deal with.

Mr. Taylor retorted that this constituted an additional offence on the part of the Board. He pointed out that the proceedings he complained of had been mentioned in Parliament, and that Sir John Gorst had expressed strong disapproval of them, adding, however, that the question of legality or illegality must be raised in the first instance before the auditor: and he submitted a correspondence in the course of which the Local Government Board suggested that a ratepayer should raise the question before the auditor and, if dissatisfied with his decision, should appeal to the Local Government Board itself. He also pointed out that in consequence of

complaints as to the manner of the inquiry and allegations that the results arrived at were incorrect, the School Board had appointed a special committee to make further inquiry; that the committee had reported to the Board; and that the whole story was consequently recorded on the Board's own minutes, copy of which he submitted.

Mr. Taylor claimed that he had thus proved to the auditor that considerable expenditure had in fact been incurred by the Board in connexion with this inquiry. He pointed out that the minutes indicated clearly various ways in which money had been spent, though they did not disclose the amounts. He urged that it was illegal for the Board to engage officers to perform duties required by statute; to charge in the accounts salaries as paid for the performance of those particular duties; and yet to employ the officers on quite different work. The inquiry had been so conducted that no evidence of the expenditure upon it appeared in the accounts. But for the intervention of a ratepayer the auditor would have had no cognisance of the proceedings—would in fact have been deceived as to the manner in which the officers of the Board, the payment of whose salaries he was asked to pass, had been employed. This was a serious offence on the part of the Board. He asked that the whole of the expenditure directly and indirectly caused by the inquiry should be disallowed. The auditor will give his decision after the recess.

It is obvious that if the School Board, with the large staff it can command, may employ officers on work which is beyond its statutory powers, and can escape criticism by entering their salaries as paid for ordinary service, illegalities may abound and Voluntary Schools may be harassed out of existence.

Should the auditor decide that he cannot go behind the vouchers submitted to him, there must be an appeal, first to the Local Government Board, and then, if necessary, to Parliament.—I am, yours obediently,

AN EYE-WITNESS.

A BRITISH COLONY.*

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dominica, B. W. I., 31 July, 1899.

SIR,—In reply to "Colonist" who wrote you an article dealing with the affairs of this island on 31 May last and which appeared in the local paper of 20 July inst. I would like to point out that some of his facts are far from being correct. Passing over the first and second charges, we come to charge 3.

Here he states that the Colonial Engineer's duties are clearly defined by a Federal Act. Now as far as I can ascertain there is no Federal Act at all dealing with this question.

In charge 4 Imperial Grant for road-making, &c.—

He says, "The Colonial Engineer has not spent 21 days (local press prints 12) in the supervision of the works despite the fact that he has two clerks and a foreman of works at headquarters."

I should say that from the commencement of the time up to the end of June he has spent a total of 61 days on the trace. This does not include the time spent in going to and from the trace and the time spent in making an elaborate plan and making estimates for the various sections of the road, which I have taken the trouble to examine, neither does it include making the plans and supervising the contract for the Canefield bridge, also making plans for the proposed Check Hall bridge, both of which are in the same Imperial work and will bridge two of the ten dangerous rivers he refers to.

The Colonial Engineer has only one clerk whose duties are by no means confined to assisting him, as he is also clerk to the Legislative Assembly and Road Board and holds various minor offices.

I may add that the Colonial Engineer has sacrificed almost the whole of his private practice as a surveyor, a loss of at least £250 for the present year, which goes to private surveyors of whom I am one. He is also in full charge of and responsible for the expenditure of the Imperial grant.

With respect to the time taken over the trace. It is

* See SATURDAY REVIEW, 17 June 1899: p. 753.

at least seven feet wide and also includes levelling in many places and the felling of heavy timber, all of which will be a saving when the road finally comes to be made. I cannot understand how "Colonist" has found out that the road will not be more than thirty-six miles, as if he is really so great an authority he should know that the length of road entirely depends on the gradients which are still to be overcome and which might easily bring it to forty miles by the time the survey is finished. I may add the longer the road the more Crown land it will open up, and the Colonial Engineer has to make the road pass through the best land as much as possible.

In charge 5 I quite agree with what he says about the "Road Board" for, taking the Lasoye-Portsmouth road alone, they have abandoned the greater part of the new road which was opened at such expense and which has a very fair gradient and they have gone to the expense of reopening the old road which has a gradient so steep as to be impossible for wheel traffic to pass, when probably the money spent on this might have at least rebridged the best portions of the new Lasoye-Portsmouth road, had it been properly laid out. If the duties of the Colonial Engineer are so light apart from Imperial work, by all means abolish the Road Board and put him in charge of the roads and bridges.

In reply to charge 2 ;—

Two of the dangerous rivers will be bridged by the Imperial Grant new road, and some of the iron bridges lying in the sand will be utilised and therefore cease to be "monuments of ignorance."

At the time of the Crown grants a certain sum was to be set aside to subsidise a special service of fruit steamers for Dominica and S. Vincent alone, to carry fruit to New York, and the new Imperial Grant road was to assist in supplying those steamers. No information is yet to hand as to what has become of this, to us, one of the most important Grants, for it is well known that bananas, &c., are rotting on the ground on the northern and eastern sides of the island, and no encouragement is given to grow these products which will grow on almost any soil and give such quick returns especially to the peasant proprietors, to benefit whom it was chiefly intended. If "Colonist" had pointed out that roads to the coast are of very little use without a local steam service, he would have indeed pointed out a matter more vital to the interests of the island.

In conclusion, it is a striking fact easily to be seen that in spite of all, the island and its people are gradually improving, chiefly owing to the gradual establishment of cocoa and limes, and other minor products in the place of sugar-canes. I hardly think that any intending settler could choose in the whole of the West Indies an island, where land and living expenses are cheaper, climate better, or which will so readily yield to the magic touch of capital well laid out. Apologising for taking up so much of your valuable space, I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR P. SKEAT.

[We cordially welcome this more hopeful account of the condition of the island, and we trust that it does not err in the direction of optimism as our correspondent contends that "Colonist" did in that of pessimism.—
ED. S.R.]

A BRILLIANT REFORM!

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Trin. Coll. Camb., 22 August, 1899.

SIR,—Your literary critics must look to their laurels. There is a rival in the field. I cull the following gem from a pamphlet, presented to me this morning, entitled "Things which Vogeler thinks need reforming." "When a leading Metropolitan daily paper says, in reporting a dinner, that 'the toast was drunk' (instead of drunk) 'with great enthusiasm.' Who was drunk? Were they all drunk? Surely they were not drinking the toast, otherwise they would not have said the toast was drunk—for how could the toast get drunk?" (*sic*). After this I can only sign myself

Yours, &c.,
ANTI-REFORM.

REVIEWS.

DANTE IN THE LIGHT OF COMMON SENSE.

"Studies in Dante," Second Series. By Edward Moore. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1899. 10s. 6d. net.

IT is we suppose the penalty of his many-sidedness that Dante has been the theme for more hopelessly wrong-headed and "impertinent" criticism and interpretation than perhaps any great writer since the world began. The prophet Daniel and the apostle John have suffered; Shakespeare has had his Donnelly's, Shelley his—well, never mind names; but their collective un-wisdom would be a mere drop in the ocean of folly which has surged and still surges around Dante. We are not now thinking of the amazingly foolish estimates of him which have been passed by people who might have been expected to know better; and indeed, except perhaps in the case of Voltaire, who could hardly be expected to admire Dante and remain Voltaire, too much has been made of these. Goethe, for instance, redeemed his one remark in dispraise of Dante by several others showing profound esteem for his genius. Landor, again, knew what he was doing better than Dr. Moore imagines, when he put "venomous criticisms" of Dante into the mouth of Petrarch. If there is a certainty in literary history it is that Petrarch was in colloquial phrase "as jealous as he could stick" of his great predecessor's fame. But in any case it is not so much of Voltaire, Goethe, or Landor that we are thinking, or even of the Rev. Mr. Warton, when we refer to the nonsense which has been talked about Dante; nor again of the feeble and pedantic criticisms of Castravilla, Cariero, and others about the time when Italian taste was descending into the depths of the "seicento." What we have in mind is rather the enormous waste of words in which, since the study of Dante again became fashionable, they who have written about him, more especially in his own country, have demonstrated their lack of the rudiments of scholarship and their ignorance of the first principles of literary criticism.

Many of these are hardly worth powder and shot; not perhaps with the knife-blade, some one feels disposed to answer, which Dante himself proposes to apply to "blind and naked Ignorance" when it "delivers brawling judgement unashamed," but at any rate with the boot-toe. Dr. Moore gives several good examples of the kind of argument which satisfies the Italian literary mind in his essay on the treatise "De Aqua et Terra," Dante's little contribution to natural science, at the genuineness of which a dead set has been made of late years by persons wanting, as S. Augustine would say, "*scientiolam suam jactare*." The treatise, it must be premised, was not printed till 1508, when it was edited by one Moncetti, an ecclesiastic and savant. The MS. used by him has disappeared, as in the case of many classical works, an occurrence common enough in the early days of printing, when "a MS. once printed was treated as so much copy, no longer worth preserving;" nor is any other known. The "superior" view therefore is that Moncetti forged the whole thing. Critic A "resolutely falls into line with those who have doubted its authenticity," giving the names of several—of whom two at least obviously never read it—and supporting his view by a recital of the facts as to its appearance and a little *à priori* reasoning; B informs the world that A has "given it the coup de grâce," that "no one who has put his nose ever so little into science believes in its authenticity," and that the question is finally decided. Two professors write a "monograph," showing by many ingenious and subtle arguments that Dante cannot have written the tract, and that Moncetti must have forged it. One of their arguments is worth quoting. Dante in his opening words calls himself "*inter vere philosophantes minimus*." Moncetti once wrote a letter to the Queen of France in which he styled himself "*inter sanctæ theologiæ doctores minimus*." It is as easy as that. Possibly the professors are not aware that S. Paul called himself "*omnium sanctorum minimus*;" or that to this day Germans write of themselves as "*meine Wenigkeit*."

After this sort of thing, it is not to be wondered that

Dr. Moore's essays on this and other subjects come to the reader like a refreshing breath of common sense. He is a classical scholar, and a bit of a mathematician too. Besides Dante and books about Dante, he has read widely in literature, ancient, mediæval, and modern; he can illustrate from Tennyson or Wordsworth, Vincent of Beauvais or Ristoro of Arezzo, Cicero or Augustine. It is just in this wide standard of reference that the Italians fail. Most of them, we take it, read few languages but their own; even their Latin leaves much to be desired. What poetical taste there is in Italy now is not of a kind to beget a sympathetic understanding of Dante, of the aspect in which life and its emotions presented themselves to him. We need not here go into the eternal question as to the personality of Beatrice; but it may be said that the side which a man takes in that controversy furnishes a very good preliminary test of his possession or otherwise of the poetic sense. There are two or three lines in the latter part of the "Purgatory" which, if a man can read and not feel that they are meaningless save as a reminiscence of a real passion for a real woman—what Tennyson has called "the maiden passion for a maid"—a whole tract of poetry must be for him non-existent. This question, however, again is capable of being treated on purely common sense lines; and Dr. Moore has so dealt with it.

We have left ourselves no space to say anything of the other essays. The most important two are those dealing with Dante's ethical system as shown in his classification of sins and his attitude towards sin. Without agreeing in all Dr. Moore's conclusions, or indeed admitting all his premisses, we recognise in them the same qualities of scholarship and sobriety. If only the volume could be translated into Italian and read in Italy—why, the "Giornale Dantesco" might be cut down to a tenth of its present bulk, among other advantages.

DRY SPRINGS.

"Three Pleasant Springs in Portugal." By Commander the Hon. Henry N. Shore. London: Sampson Low. 1899. 12s. 6d.

"In Modern Spain." By Reginald St. Barbe. London: Elliot Stock. 1899. 3s. 6d.

SO little has been written about Portugal in our time that the impressions of a shrewd cosmopolitan should be very welcome. Captain Shore's profession implies an open mind and three Springs in Portugal suffice for an intimate, if not an authoritative knowledge of the country. A perusal of his book is accordingly a disappointment after so much promise. Though he travelled hither and thither with an eye for scenery and a nose for information, he did not succeed in acquiring anything which might not have been prompted equally well by an expedition to the British Museum. His ponderous descriptions would fit almost any landscape; his excerpts from Beckford, Murphy, Kingston, Napier, and various cheap guide-books are often as tedious and pointless as his familiar quotations from Wordsworth, Gray, &c. In one place, after padding several pages with cuttings from the Portuguese press, he informs us in an airy footnote that their translation "helped to while away many an hour of enforced imprisonment in native hotels;" but, as we did not share the imprisonment, we may resent an enforced participation in his hard labour. Our only condonation of the hashed guide and commonplace-book, which he has dished up, is that at least we find relief from his own dogmatism, suburban prejudice, materialism, cheap humour and bad taste. Rarely have we met so self-satisfied a twaddler. Fleas and tooth-picks are his dominant keynote; ignorance and insolence their bass accompaniment. An Englishman objecting to the exactions of the Portuguese custom-house is dubbed "an ill-tempered cad;" an editor, mildly deprecating warfare and doubtless deserving some slight reproof, is attacked as "this snivelling wretch;" Guerrita, the greatest matador of the day, is rudely invited to "take up the trade of 'butchering' when his present job comes to an end;" the centenary festival of S. Antonio is dismissed as "a very unimportant anniversary," and Captain Shore exhibits his

taste and style by remarking that "no one would have believed that all this fuss was because a baby was born 700 years ago, who, after his death, was given the honourable appointment of patron saint with contingent emoluments." We can only wonder whether he expects to convince his opponents (be they Jesuits, bull-fighters, smugglers or peace-makers) by abuse that is innocent of argument. His nearest approach at humour is to call the Pope "old man of the 'See';" his only interesting sidelight is a reflection upon Portuguese bureaucracy. It appears that the Post Office has a pleasing way of issuing new stamps, which suddenly supersede all predecessors. No warning is given, and the unwary are left to lay in stocks which will presently be useless for stamping letters. Again, a British seaman who had his wages, amounting to £30, remitted by Post Office Order on Lisbon, received payment in depreciated paper at par, involving a loss of 20 per cent. "The question is, what became of the balance?" for we may be sure that the Portuguese Government claimed and received the full amount from the British Post Office in gold. Another time, the Mint announced that, after a certain date, their 5*d.* and 2½*d.* bank notes would be valueless. As 80 per cent. of the Portuguese are illiterate, the notification failed to reach many of them, and £4,400 was forfeited by the holders, "involving a profit to the State which does not figure in the accounts." This fact is cited at length from a Foreign Office Report. Captain Shore kindly furnishes us with the full score of a cricket match, played at Oporto in 1868, when he made fifty runs for the Channel Squadron against seventeen runs credited to the British colony. We can only hope that he may in future devote to the cricket-field those energies which nature has evidently not designed for the domain of letters.

Mr. St. Barbe runs Captain Shore very close. He has as keen an eye for the obvious and the commonplace and, perhaps with more excuse, views everything through the spectacles of the untravelled Englishman. His sense of proportion may be gauged by his statement that the dedication of "this little book in all the majesty of binding" is "a well-thought-out and generous deed;" his tact is illustrated by the fact that a dedication to a Spanish friend contains a reference to the Spanish as a "bloodthirsty race;" his perspicacity stands revealed by the perception of a likeness between the Spaniard and (*je vous le donne en mille*) "that other counterfeit imitation of the Frenchman—the modern Greek"! The greater part of this futile booklet, despite "all the majesty of binding" in red cloth, is either pointless verbiage or the kind of ephemeral correspondence which sometimes fills up an odd corner in an evening newspaper.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

"A History of Winchester College." By Arthur F. Leach. London: Duckworth. 1899. 6s. net.

MR. LEACH is already well known as an authority on the ancient history of education in England. Owing to his position as an assistant Charity Commissioner, he has had much to do with the older endowed schools and has got together a great deal of first-hand information concerning their origins. The main fault of his predecessors in this line of inquiry has been that only a very small proportion of them have been competently skilled in paleography: the large majority have shrunk back appalled before the masses of uncatalogued mediæval documents which cram the muniment rooms of the elder schools. Instead of sitting down to work through the cramped handwriting and puzzling contractions of the originals, too many school historians have fallen back on the fond imaginings of sixteenth and seventeenth century writers and filled the early history of the old foundations with all manner of legends.

In his earlier books therefore Mr. Leach has been compelled to be somewhat of an iconoclast. In particular he has made a summary end of the reputation of Edward VI. as a founder of grammar schools. "Close on 200 schools existed in England before his reign, which were, for the most part, abolished or crippled under him." So far was he from being their

great originator that "grammar schools are among our most ancient institutions, some of them being far older than the Lord Mayor of London or the House of Commons."

But Mr. Leach is not only a breaker-up of ancient traditions, he is also a very enthusiastic Wykehamist, a loyal son of the great foundation of S. Mary of Winton. It is interesting therefore to see how his two tendencies, the one destructive, the other conservative, cross each other. He is compelled to sweep away many ancient beliefs about the early history of Winchester College and its founder. As he himself says "Two views of its origin generally prevail. The more common is that, in or about 1382, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, twice Lord Chancellor, eminent alike as churchman and statesman, sat down and invented it, and thereby was the first creator and designer not only of English public schools, but of English schools at large. The more learned view is that Wykeham took over, enlarged and developed the school of the Priory of S. Swithun, the Cathedral monastery of Winchester, and converted it into a general public school, such as it is now. The two views, though often in a blind way held together, cannot both be true. In point of fact neither of them is true."

Mr. Leach's own setting forth of the problem is that while a school, to which the name grammar school cannot logically be denied, existed in Winchester from time immemorial—perhaps from the ninth century—it had nothing to do with the Priory of S. Swithun. This "alta schola" of Winchester city is in great evidence all through the fourteenth century, both before and during the life of Wykeham. But the great Bishop did not annex or develop it: it can indeed be traced far into the fifteenth century, surviving alongside of Wykeham's new college and on a spot far remote from it, in the neighbourhood of Minster Street and S. Thomas' Street. What he did was to found a second school in Winchester which, unlike the already existing one, should not be confined to the boys of the city but open for outsiders. Moreover it was designed from the first to feed New College Oxford with scholars. But this plan of connecting a school with a university foundation must not be considered—as Mr. Leach proves—to have been a new invention of Wykeham's. The idea had occurred to others before him and already Bishops Stapleton and Grandison of Exeter had established such a connexion between the scholars of S. John the Baptist's Hospital in their own cathedral city and the West-Country college of Exeter in Oxford.

"If then, neither in founding a school in connexion with a University College, nor in placing that school elsewhere than in Oxford, nor in the intended size of the school, was Wykeham doing anything new or unprecedented, where," asks Mr. Leach, "did the novelty come in? Was there a new departure at all?"

He hastens to reply that there was, in three separate characteristics of Winchester. In the first place the scale was infinitely greater than that of any existing school. In the second, it was an innovation when Wykeham confined his Oxford College to those who came from his grammar school at Winchester. And thirdly, he made his Winchester foundation a separate and distinct body, independent of his Oxford College, and not a mere subsidiary part of it. The main formal connexion of the two corporations was that New College elected the Winchester Warden and sent two of its Fellows and its own Warden once a year to hold a "scrutiny" of the school.

A good deal of indignation was wasted in the last generation over the alleged "robbery of the poor" in the matter of endowed schools. It was alleged that Wykeham's "poor scholars" were intended by him to be the children of absolutely destitute persons. But, as Mr. Leach shows, there is no tittle or shred of justification for such allegations in the case of any public or endowed grammar school founded before 1627, with the exception of Christ's Hospital. The test of "poverty" set by the founder in the Winchester College statutes was that the scholar must not have more than "five marks a year of his own." But, as is obvious, £3 6s. 8d. was in the fourteenth century a quite

appreciable annual income. Sixty-seven livings in the diocese of Winchester were worth less than that sum. The annual pay of a Fellow of the College was no more than £5, and that of a chaplain £2 13s. 4d. So that the "poverty" of the scholar was only of a relative kind, if he had nearly five marks of his own. The best test of the character of the early members of the foundation is that from the first years of the school it was quite usual for "Commoners," (boys who had been kept at the school at their parents' expense) to become scholars when a vacancy occurred. Obviously the "Commoner" who paid the serious sum of 8d. or 10d. or even 14d. a week for his food, could not have been the child of a very indigent person.

We have perhaps enlarged at too great a length on the early chapters of Mr. Leach's book. But our justification is that it is precisely in these "origines" of Winchester College that he is an authority of unparalleled worth. He has detected even such specialists as Mr. Kirby, the Winchester Bursar, and Mr. Rashdall of New College, making slips of more or less importance. For the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, where patience and an infinite capacity for searching out small pieces of information in unlikely places are the main qualifications for the school annalist, he is good and interesting enough, but not so much superior to all his predecessors as in his chapters on the Middle Ages. He makes an end of the famous legend of the preservation of Wykeham's chantry by Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, in the troublous days of 1645, which has so often inspired the Wykehamical bard. We may no more sing—

"Cromwell avaunt! My founder's tomb shall never be laid low:"

for the Parliamentary army conducted itself, as usual, with considerable self-restraint; and its officers only had to interfere when the men began to open some of the oaken relic-chests in the Cathedral, under the impression that they contained the bones of "Popish" bishops not of Anglo-Saxon kings.

The nineteenth-century annals of Winchester can be told with much less restraint, now that the century is drawing to its close, than was possible when survivors of the elder generation yet lingered among us. It is now possible to speak one's mind freely about that pedantic pluralist Warden Huntingford and to whisper that Dr. Gabell's methods were not of the most dignified. There is a capital account of the great "tunding row" of 1872, written in a humorous strain; but in dealing with it Mr. Leach, as is natural in a "Houses man," says more about the single incident in Commoners than about the reign of terror in College, where during that particular autumn the ground-ash never rested day or night. Fortunately those days are long past and as far off to most readers as the times of Gabell and Goddard.

We have only one historical quarrel with Mr. Leach—it comes from his astonishing obiter dictum (p. 15) that Winchester was in the hands of the Danes from 862 to 878. There is no authority whatever for this odd statement: the host that sacked Winchester in 862, so far from establishing itself in the city, was cut to pieces a few days later by Osric Alderman of Hampshire, while retiring with its plunder seaward. From that time to 878 the place was in the hands of the Wessex kings, save during the few weeks of Alfred's sojourn in Athelney.

PURPOSE WITHOUT A PURPOSER.

"The Quest of Faith." By Thomas Bailey Saunders. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1899. 7s. 6d.

MR. BAILEY SAUNDERS' book is a collection of critical essays upon recent phases of religious and (more or less) philosophical thought. The criticism is often acute and always fair; and, though not addressed to technical philosophers, it is the work of a trained metaphysician. The inconsistencies of the late Professor Huxley, the difficulties of Mr. Balfour's position, the flimsiness of the Duke of Argyll's and of the late Professor Drummond's philosophy, the metaphysical incompetence of Mr. Gladstone, and the huge assumptions of some "Roman Catholic writers,"

are well and yet not unsympathetically pointed out; and if he is far from accepting that writer's conclusions, Mr. Saunders does justice to the strength of Professor Campbell Fraser's defence of Theism. The book is well calculated to destroy the intellectual self-complacency of the average Agnostic, while it compels the Christian Theist to face the difficulties of his position. Such a book is not without its uses. And yet we must confess that there is something unsatisfactory (when it appears in a permanent form) about criticism which fails to disclose the author's own position. Good philosophical criticism should be constructive even in destruction. It should point the way to a position which is free from the contradictions or the difficulties which it exposes. Otherwise, the reader may quite legitimately cherish the suspicion that the writer's own system of the universe, if adequately disclosed, might be found liable not merely to as great but to precisely the same objections as those which he is so triumphantly exposing in that of other people. Mr. Bailey Saunders writes as one who has a constructive position of his own, but as to what that position is he does not enable us to say much more than that it lies somewhere between Agnosticism on the one hand and Theism on the other and that he is disposed to look for the clue to the riddles of existence rather in the direction of Schopenhauer than of Hegel.

Mr. Saunders is not ill-equipped for the task which he has set himself, and yet he has fallen into two important misconceptions of the writers whom he criticises. As the mistakes are often made, it may be worth while to point them out. It is a stock device of examiners upon Butler's "Analogy" to ask for the full title of that work. We have grave doubts as to whether Mr. Saunders could answer the question. He writes as if Butler's argument were "Natural Religion has such and such difficulties: the difficulties of Christianity are no greater: therefore there is a presumption that Christianity is true." But the analogy which Butler signalises is not the analogy between Natural Religion and Revealed, but "the analogy of Religion Natural and Revealed to the constitution and course of nature." The typical Deist against whom Butler's argument was addressed was a man who was supposed not to recognise "Natural Religion," i.e. a Theism which carried with it the rewards and punishments of a future life, but who did admit the existence of an "intelligent," though not necessarily moral or benevolent "author of nature."

The other misunderstanding relates to Kant's criticism of the argument from design. It is not true to say that Kant "condemned" the argument from design. Kant argued that, though the argument did prove the existence of design in nature, it could not satisfy the supposed requirements of a "Rational Theology." For (1) it would only prove a divine architect, not a creator; (2) it could not prove "infinite" but only very great power, wisdom, and goodness; (3) it rests upon probable reasoning, not upon any necessity of thought. But, within its own limits, Kant admitted and strongly insisted upon its value. None of these objections greatly affect the force of Mr. Saunders' position, but it is as well to be accurate.

We have nothing to say as to the difficulties which, as Mr. Saunders shows, Darwinism has put in the way of the traditional argument from design. Perhaps it is not so certain that the argument, if once the attempt to show that the design is "benevolent" be laid aside, is so wholly impossible as is commonly assumed by the unquestioning devotees of natural selection. But, in the present state of scientific thought, the argument is practically unavailable. And yet Darwinism has nothing to say *against* design in nature, provided the idea of design can be got from some other source than the observed adaptations of organic nature. Mr. Saunders, indeed, persuades himself that in another way evolution positively compels us to recognise indications of purpose, in the "struggle for life." We are not sure that if Mr. Saunders' argument were fully developed, it would be found any more satisfying than those which he so acutely criticises. We find ourselves more in sympathy with his suggestion that "if religion is not entirely a matter of faith, but requires, and is susceptible of, a philosophical proof, it is in the

region of spiritual and moral rather than of physical phenomena that sure proof is likely to be attained." How such an interpretation of the universe in the light of the moral consciousness is possible without the assumption that the mind which makes nature is—in some measure—like our own (which is elsewhere scornfully rejected), the writer nowhere indicates. And why, if the assumption be once made, we may not attribute nature to the God of Christianity as reasonably as to the non-moral purpose without a purposer, which would seem (so far as we can put together Mr. Saunders' scattered hints) to be the deity of his own philosophy, Mr. Saunders does not help us to understand. The existence of evil is no objection to such a view if once the belief in design is based upon the metaphysical argument that the existence of nature appears, as the result of metaphysical analysis, to demand a mind, and that mind (as we know it) is moral, without attempting to prove empirically the benevolent character of the designer. If it be said that this is to sacrifice God's omnipotence to his benevolence, even the despised Bishop Butler might have taught our author—and (we are bound to add) many of our less candid theologians—that the omnipotence of God must not be understood in a sense which excludes a necessary connexion between means and ends or the existence of intrinsic impossibilities. All theologians have admitted that it is impossible for God to change the past. That there are difficulties in the way of this, as of every conceivable system of the universe, may be freely conceded, but Mr. Saunders has not succeeded in convincing us that such difficulties are avoided or even minimised by a theology so nebulous as to be intellectually intangible and ethically valueless. If this is an unfair representation of Mr. Saunders' creed, we hope he will one day give us an opportunity of correcting our mistake by a more explicit exposition of it.

BIG GAME SHOOTING.

"Sport in East Central Africa." By F. Vaughan Kirby. London: Rowland Ward. 1899. 8s. 6d. net.

MR. KIRBY is already well known to those interested in South African sport and natural history by his excellent book "In Haunts of Wild Game," and by many contributions to "Land and Water." The present work deals mainly with the details of various shooting trips made between 1894 and the beginning of 1897. The author is somewhat too sparing of dates but this seems, approximately, to be about the period over which the narrative extends. During a part of this time he was accompanied by Mr. J. J. Harrison, a good sportsman and comrade, to whom the book is dedicated. In spite of the fact that many regions of Africa are now practically depleted of great game, Mr. Kirby seems to have had very excellent sport among elephant, rhinoceros, lion, leopard, hippopotamus, buffalo, eland, sable antelope, blue wildebeest, zebra, bushbuck, and many other kinds of game.

The expeditions were made in Northern Portuguese Zambesia and the Mozambique Provinces; in some portions of the latter territory the author and his friend would seem to have been among the first of white hunters. In addition to the shooting of heavy game Mr. Kirby manages incidentally to tell us of smaller creatures. Thus, quite early in his narrative, he is able—on the fourth page of his book—to confirm a statement concerning plovers and crocodiles which has been much debated and which is at least as old as the time of Pliny. He says, "The disputed fact can be verified by any observer with a pair of field-glasses, that the spur-winged plovers not only warn the crocodiles of danger by their plaintive cries but act as toothpicks for the saurians, picking out what are evidently considered dainty bits from between the great teeth. Over and over again I have seen them running in and out of the creatures' jaws without apparent fear of the danger of their occupation; though I cannot but think they get entrapped sometimes by mistake." Passages such as this tend to lighten a record of big game shooting; we can only regret that Mr. Kirby prefers as a rule to

turn his literary attentions strictly to the business of slaying elephants, rhinoceros, lions, and other beasts.

For the adventurous and the sportsman pure and simple there is, however, an abundance of interest in this volume. A bull rhinoceros was shot in the neck about a foot behind its junction with the skull—an excellent spot, by the way, if the vertebra is fairly hit—and “without kick or struggle he fell on his knees dead.” Not so the cow accompanying him, which, upon being fired at, snorting loudly, instantly chased the hunter. “I was bare-legged and in good trim,” says Mr. Kirby, “so, after getting rid of my rifle I need hardly say I did not loiter; but although I had over twenty yards’ start of her she ran two feet to my one and I felt that I must be caught. Already, in imagination, I felt her horn assisting me in the rear; a sensation which, together with the brute’s vicious snorts close behind, spurred me on to do my best.” Thanks to a gaping sand-crack the hard-pressed hunter got to ground and safety, with the big rhino but two lengths in his rear. “Next moment,” he says, “I was half-smothered in sand and gravel as a dark form passed over; but I was safe, for on putting my head up over the edge, I saw my late pursuer disappearing in the gloom among the trees.”

Although enjoying fine sport at times, the author suffered in this unhealthy country much from African fever. He endured, too, other misfortunes. His camp was looted in his absence and close on 600 lbs. of ivory, many valuable specimens, a collection of insects and other things were carried off by rascally natives. Portuguese Africa is not apparently a completely happy hunting-ground and a good deal of difficulty is experienced with petty officials. Mr. Kirby’s final misfortune befell him in the loss of his hard won trophies and specimens, which he had transported with infinite trouble to Lorenzo Marquez (Delagoa Bay). Rinderpest regulations prevented his shipping these in the vessel by which he came home and the trophies thereafter vanished from human ken—a bitter blow to a good sportsman and naturalist. Mr. Kirby’s experience of Lorenzo Marquez is that of many an Englishman. He thus writes of it, “All that enter here leave hope behind.” Surely a fitting inscription for a Portuguese town in Africa!

This book would have been greatly improved by a map, a few more illustrations, and an index. The Field Notes, embodied in an appendix, are, however, extremely interesting.

A THEORY OF THE STATE.

“The Philosophical Theory of the State.” By Bernard Bosanquet. London: Macmillan and Co. 1899. 10s.

“THE philosophical theory of the State”! That is to say, the Hegelian theory, which however purports, as always, to include and “synthesise” all others. Or is it only, in a phrase of Mr. Bosanquet’s own, “a confusion purporting to be a synthesis.” Hobbes and Locke are tough morsels to devour; and we are not sure that they lie very comfortably inside the Hegelian tiger. Mr. Bosanquet himself, clearly, has no doubts. His theory of the State is *the* theory. And his position, it must be admitted, is not easy to meet, because everything of importance appears to have been tacitly assumed from some region outside the limits of the book before us. The author, perhaps, would deny that there is any assumption; my conclusion, he may say, is “implicit” in my premisses. Similarly it might be maintained that the yards of tape which a conjurer draws from his ear were from the beginning “implicit” in that region; but in such a case we conclude that they had been previously secreted somewhere on his person. The article secreted by Mr. Bosanquet (if he will pardon the analogy) is the postulate that what “is,” is a necessary phase in a transition to what “ought to be”; whence it follows that everything at any moment is as good as it can be and that any badness that may appear is a passing “moment,” hardly to be taken account of save as an indication of a greater good to come. “The difficulty of defining the best life,” we are told, “does not trouble us, because we rely throughout on the fundamental logic of human nature qua rational.” In other words, human nature not only necessarily seeks, but is always necessarily realising the good life; and

all its work may therefore be confidently blest, on the whole, in spite of certain blemishes which we cannot altogether ignore. Such is the spirit of robust optimism in which Mr. Bosanquet approaches his theme. To him, as to Hegel before him, the State is not merely a rather clumsy device whereby men do, more or less roughly and at considerable cost, achieve certain necessary common purposes; on the contrary, it “represents the general will and higher self as a whole to the community as a whole;” and any recalcitrancy to its benevolent control is the effect of nothing better than “rebellion, indolence, incompetence or ignorance.” This view, as Mr. Bosanquet frankly admits, is not *prima facie* that of the ordinary British citizen who grumbles at rates and taxes and abuses Government departments; but it is the view which ought to be his, and perhaps really is, if he only knew his own mind; or at least, would be his, if the State were what it ought to be, and what, after all, one day perhaps it will be. So what more do you want?

Meantime, however, it is admitted, the State has its defects. But they are not very serious, and it would be pedantic to insist upon them. Thus, to take a trifling case, the “corruption and vulgarity” sometimes to be observed in the proceedings of local authorities “are only the failure of what, at its best, is a true type of the relation of fellow citizens.” On the whole, our institutions as we have them are the work of reason, and therefore sound and good. The monogamic family, for example, is a natural, final and inevitable form of association; and its sanctity is symbolised by the family meal, which “quite apart from overstrained religionism has in it, as a plain matter of fact, the fundamental elements of a sacrament, none the less effective that they are not thought of by that name.” Mr. Bosanquet, it will be admitted, has the courage of his convictions; but there are dangers in this idealising of the actual and our philosopher perhaps goes a little too far in his discussion of the question whether the State can do wrong. His argument is not easy to follow and we may perhaps have misapprehended it, but the tendency appears to be towards the view that the State is always right, although its agents may be wrong. “If the act was immoral” we are asked, “can the State *as such* have willed it?” And it is hinted that the question should be answered in the negative. At any rate, we get the positive assertion that “the State as such certainly cannot be guilty of personal immorality, and it is hard to see how it can commit theft or murder in the sense in which these are moral offences.” What are we to think then, for example, of the partition of Poland? But perhaps such cases are covered by the general statement that “moral relations presuppose an organised life; but such a life is only within the State, not in relations between the State and other communities.”

“But all this, it may be urged, is beside the question.” Perhaps it is. And there is so much in this book that is interesting and suggestive, so much that is a useful and welcome antidote to the common British view of the State as a kind of necessary nuisance, that it may seem a little ungracious to pick a quarrel with the author. But the fact is, the Hegelian method provokes hostility even in the works of the master, still more in those of his disciples. One wearies of the enunciation of what, after all, are opinions as though they were inevitable truths; of the pretence of demonstration where there is nothing but assertion and a point of view; above all, of the fundamental assumption that will is somehow logic and that all will is somehow good. One misses the Mephistophelian element, the challenge, the denial, the sting of fact. The philosophical theory of the State! Yes; but has Mr. Bosanquet read Nietzsche?

SIR JOSEPH PRESTWICH, GEOLOGIST.

“Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Prestwich: written and edited by his Wife.” Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1899. 21s.

THIS Life and its presentation are in excellent harmony: the story of a gentle, industrious and continuously successful worker, who attained to a great age (84 years) and was withal kindly and genial,

is told by his wife in a pleasant and conscientious manner, without any undue partiality. It is somewhat long but we would not wish it shorter.

Joseph Prestwich was born in 1812, thirteen years after historical geology had taken its place among the sciences, an event that dates from William Smith's discovery of the "identification of strata by organic remains," published in 1799. This science is thus just a century old, and for about the last two-thirds of its existence and his own, Prestwich was an enthusiastic contributor to its progress. Like a species of "long range" his life extends over several periods; it began with the epoch of Sedgwick and Murchison, when Catastrophism was the prevailing creed, it lasted through the life of Lyell, who made uniformitarianism the dominant dogma, and it ended in the time of Suess, just as evolutionary views were beginning to assert themselves. These various "isms" do not seem to have troubled him much, for the mind of Prestwich was analytical rather than synthetic, and he framed his explanations in each case on its merits without caring greatly whether they squared with existing generalisations or not. It is probably as an evolutionist that he would have desired to be known, but in Prestwich's evolution there remained a good deal of the old-fashioned catastrophism:—witness the "deluge" that he invoked to account for the "loess" and "rubble-drift" of Europe.

Prestwich received a good education, commencing with school in Paris: the knowledge he there acquired of the French language proved of great service to him in after life, and had probably some influence in giving lucidity to his English style, for which those who have to follow him in his descriptions, abounding in detail, cannot be sufficiently grateful. Otherwise French had but slight effect upon him, his mind remained typically English: truthfulness was his main object in thought and expression, and if imagination was given to him, it was rather in defect than in excess.

His industry was remarkable, for the best years of his life (from eighteen to sixty) he was engaged in business as a wine merchant, and it was only in his leisure hours that he was able to devote himself to his favourite science: such a divided attention might have had disastrous consequences in the case of a weaker man. Prestwich however did his duty by his business, and was able to retire from it at the age of sixty: but geology was his Rachel and possessed his soul. His first important work, on the Geology of the Coalbrookdale Coalfield, published when he was twenty-eight years of age, shows mature powers of thought, and in no respect suggests the amateur; the geological map accompanying it is a model of what such a map should be and will bear close comparison with the official work of the Geological Survey. The task to which he next turned was one to try the powers of a man, as anyone, who is familiar with the confusion that then prevailed in regard to the lower Tertiary deposits of the South of England will readily admit. To reduce these to order, to classify them and correlate them with their equivalents in France and Belgium was a work which he successfully accomplished, and it constitutes his best claim to fame.

It is sometimes held that utility is the bane of science: Prestwich did not share this opinion—it was not till late in life that he became a University Professor—but he did his best to prove by instance that theory is an excellent handmaid to practice. His close acquaintance with the Carboniferous system was turned to good account when he was made a member of the Royal Commission on Coal, and again when he was able to point to Dover as a likely site for finding this mineral. His knowledge of underground structure was skilfully applied in the discovery of subterranean water and his published work on Water Supply is a remarkable analysis of a very complicated problem: it still remains one of the best handbooks on the subject.

To the general public Prestwich was probably best known in connexion with his researches into the antiquity of man, for it was he and Falconer who rescued the discoveries of Boucher de Perthes from unmerited contempt, and by a series of precise observations established the fact, which had been proclaimed some ten years previously by de Perthes, of the con-

temporaneous existence in Europe of man and extinct animals such as the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros. These roamed through our land together, at a time when rivers like the Thames flowed at a height of 250 feet above their present level. Scarcely had the public mind become reconciled to this change in its chronological perspective, when Mr. B. Harrison extended the age of the human race still further into the remote past by the discovery of rude flint implements in gravel deposits covering the summit of the North Downs, at a height of as much as 700 feet above the sea, and in positions which pointed to an entire change in the geography of the district since they were formed. It is highly probable that Mr. Harrison would have experienced the fate of Boucher de Perthes had not Prestwich come to his assistance. Naturally the closer we approach to the first attempts of human workmanship the ruder they become and the more difficult it is to establish their artefact character: and thus to anyone who has carefully examined the fragments of flint found by Mr. Harrison there will appear nothing wonderful in the scepticism that still prevails regarding their alleged human origin. The question remains under discussion, but with the balance of evidence steadily inclining to the views advocated by Prestwich: recent discoveries by Mr. Montgomery Bell confirm those of Mr. Harrison. The remarkable resemblance of many of these ancient chipped flints to those once used by the Tasmanians, a race prematurely extinguished by the advance of English civilisation before it had been scientifically investigated, is a strong argument in favour of their human workmanship, as Professor Tylor first pointed out.

On reviewing the scientific work of Prestwich, of which an admirable summary is given by Sir Archibald Geikie in the concluding pages of the "Life," we are impressed by its extent, soundness and precision, and as we recognise the importance of the subjects of which it treats, we feel that he must be placed, if not among the founders of geology, at least in the foremost rank of those who have laboured in raising the superstructure. At the age of sixty-two he was invited by the Vice-Chancellor, then Dr. Liddell, to occupy the Chair of Geology in Oxford. Lecturing was no new experience to him, he may be said to have been practised in it from his youth up: we read in his diary of lectures on electricity delivered before his father and sisters, one of which extended over an hour and three-quarters: his comment on this escapade is "managed very well"!

Oxford still keeps his memory green nor will the remembrance of the great geologist ever fade from the recollection of those who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship.

THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING.

"The Book of Job, with Introduction and Notes." By Edgar C. S. Gibson. London: Methuen. 1899. 6s.

THE only solution of the problem of suffering which will stand the test of experience must be a moral and not an intellectual one. The Book of Job does not solve the problem; but it contributes this valuable principle towards the solution. The Three Friends in the Dialogues (chaps. iii.-xxxi.) are put forward as the champions of the orthodox theory that suffering is to be explained by sin and is dealt out in ratio to the amount of sin. The theory, however, breaks down because it does not correspond with facts. Job cannot discover, and refuses to admit, that what sin he is conscious of bears any proportion to the extent of his sufferings. In spite of his protestations, the Friends hold to their ground: if their theory does not square with the facts, then so much the worse for the facts. The formal utterances of conventional piety are more than irritating, they are impotent and false when confronted with real suffering which cries aloud for an explanation. The author shows his insight into human nature by lifting the whole question out of the unrealities of intellectual theory into the region of moral conflict and attainment. It is said that all great tragedies arise from some impulse of what the Greeks called hubris, the self-assertion, that is, of a powerful will in the way of intellect, passion or emotion against the pressure of

outside circumstances. The Book of Job, though it cannot be called a tragedy in the strict sense, exhibits the working of this tragic element in the assertion of the soul's demand for some explanation of its unintelligible sufferings. The demand in this case does not meet with positive satisfaction, but the sufferer fights his way through to a moral attitude which goes far to satisfy his craving. Though appearances were against God, Job still clings to God in spite of appearances. He refuses to "renounce God and die." Even in his most passionate moments he never gives up his conviction of an ultimate justice. He even conceives of a kind of dual personality in the Divine Being, and appeals from God, who is his relentless enemy, to God who will vindicate his innocence. And then the thought seizes him, What if, after all, there be some other world, some future state, where the vindication will take effect? Is it not possible that justice, withheld in this life, will be granted in another? It was a bold venture of faith, which, though never formulated into a definite belief, yet sustained a sufferer here and there in the Jewish Church, when it seemed impossible to reconcile the loyalty of the believer with the hardship of his lot.

Without dwelling upon the speeches of Elihu (chaps. xxxii.-xxxvii.), which do not belong to the original author of Job, but apparently owe their insertion to a desire to suggest that suffering may be permitted for purposes of moral discipline or improvement of character—we find in the speeches of the Almighty out of the whirlwind (chaps. xxxviii.-xli.) not an answer to Job's passionate interrogatory, as we might expect, but an emphasis on the moral obligations of the sufferer. The point of these speeches is to lay stress upon the wisdom and power of God as shown in the wonders of creation; to impress Job with the conviction that God's providence is inscrutable; and, even more than this, to fill him with consciousness of the Divine Presence. No doubt in the light of fuller revelation we should emphasise the love rather than the wisdom of God when considering the mystery of pain. Dr. Gibson suggestively alludes to "In Memoriam" as offering a modern instance "of a mind gradually righting itself in the face of a great problem of suffering"; and we may remember Tennyson's own comment on his poem, that it was intended to express his "conviction that fears, doubts and suffering will find answer and relief only through faith in a God of love." But the moral attitude enforced upon Job is characteristic of Old Testament saints in the presence of mysteries not yet revealed. "With a trained content" they stopped short without inquiring further; it was enough for them to live up to the highest they knew in this present life, and to perfect themselves in faith and the reality of God's Presence. And it remains true that there must always be a mystery about suffering which cannot at once be revealed. If we could understand everything, we should venerate nothing; as Johannes Agricola says,

"God, whom I praise; how could I praise,
If such as I might understand,
Make out and reckon on his ways?"

Job is bidden find his rest in God; unless for its sorrow, the heart would hardly find its way there.

Two further points for guidance to those who were troubled by this problem are suggested in the prologue and epilogue of the book. It is obvious that Job and his friends know nothing of the scene in heaven unfolded in the prologue. The Satan, with cynical humour, insinuates that Job's exemplary religious conduct is based upon mercenary motives; he is allowed to put these motives to the test. Thus, by a skilful literary artifice, Job's sufferings are shown to be intended to test him. He stands the test; and before men and angels and devils exhibits the disinterested sincerity of his faith. And then, in the epilogue, Job is restored: "the Lord gave him twice as much as he had before." So, after all, God is on the side of virtue and even in this life there is a readjustment. The enigma, indeed, remains unsolved; but in the course of the discussion true and helpful positions have been won. The problem has been lifted out of the intellectual into the moral region; there the key to the mystery is given, so far as

it is given at all, to those who stand the test, who, in the midst of their sufferings, persevere in their loyalty and in consciousness of God's presence. S. James, with admirable insight, calls this "patience."

We know from the contemporary prophets, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Habakkuk, that the problem of suffering in innocence was one which sorely perplexed the faithful remnant of Israel at the close of the Babylonian captivity. The author of Job, using an ancient story for the purpose, intended to encourage his contemporaries and, as far as he could, relieve their doubts. There is a strange resemblance between his Job and the suffering Servant of the second Isaiah. The latter, however, teaches a doctrine which marks a new stage in advance of Job. The explanation of the sufferings of the innocent Servant in Isaiah liii. is found in the fact that they are vicarious and redemptive. It is the deepest word which the Old Testament has to say on the problem; it leads up directly to the sufferings of the Cross.

The Book of Job, it must be confessed, is generally unintelligible to the reader of the Authorised Version. A great merit of the series of Oxford Commentaries, of which this is the first, is that the Revised Version is taken as the text. Dr. Gibson's introduction and notes are sensible and to the point. They are not likely to satisfy the critical student of the original; they are rather intended for the intelligent reader of the English version. On critical points, Dr. Gibson takes up, rather dogmatically, a moderately conservative position.

OF CLIMBINGS LONG AGO.

"The Early Mountaineers." By Francis Gribble. Illustrated. London: Unwin. 1899. 21s.

IT is difficult for the modern to cast himself back in imagination to the time when the Alps and the Pyrenees were as unexplored as the North Pole, and all the high snow-mountains of Europe were regarded even by scientific men as the inaccessible haunts of scaly dragons. Curiously enough, this primeval view of the mountains still survives to-day among many of those who live nearest to them. A copious flood of mountain literature has taken away the mystery of the mountains from those who sit in easy English chairs, and read the exploits of their braver friends; but a great mountain still has its terrors for those who live, through winter and summer, under its mighty shadow. They hear the roar of its terrific avalanches, and find it an impassable barrier between themselves and their neighbours in the next valley. In this case, familiarity does not breed contempt. The crow may fly in ten minutes over yonder snow pass; but no human being has ever crossed it alive. No wonder that the Swiss peasant still believes that the main object of mountains is to make the world more difficult to live in. No wonder that he suspects that devils are at the bottom of the whole affair.

It is but a century since this was the view of the great majority of mankind. A few daring men—a poet like Petrarch or a painter like Leonardo—penetrated the regions of ice and snow and returned with chill at the heart and trembling in the limbs. But their tales did not spread the desire to follow: and it was not until the end of the last century, when Ramond conquered the chief peaks of the Pyrenees and de Saussure achieved a victory over Mont Blanc herself, that modern mountaineering really began. It is an interesting chapter in human development and Mr. Francis Gribble tells it exhaustively in the volume before us. We see the struggle between mediæval superstition and modern inquiry admirably exemplified in the conquest of that peak which every tourist can see from Lucerne, and which is even now called Pilatus from the old belief that the spirit of Pilate had made it a special abode. For centuries no man was allowed to approach Pilatus lest he should disturb the sleeping tempest in the lake where the body of Pilate was supposed to lie. In the year 1307 six clergymen suffered a period of imprisonment for having climbed the mountain which the tourists now ascend in a railway. The fear died hard. But in 1585 Johann Müller marched solemnly to the top of the mountain, and in the presence of many citizens flung stone after stone into Pilate's lake. He called the

citizens to witness that nothing worse than ripples resulted and unhappily no storm seems to have occurred! We regret this mistaken zeal of Johann Müller. We feel sure that if he had foreseen the approach of the modern tourist he would have left poor old Pilate alone and made no attempt to interfere with his privacy.

It is rather unfortunate for Mr. Gribble that his narrative of the early climbs up Mont Blanc should come so soon after the brilliant volume in which Mr. Mathews told the full story; and we rather doubt whether the tale is worth telling twice. But he has done well in fully narrating the compulsory ascent of Mont Aiguille, near Grenoble, by the Chamberlain of Charles VIII., King of France, in 1492. Mont Aiguille is still a formidable ascent and was far and away the most difficult mountain climbed in the Middle Ages. The reluctant performance of the unhappy de Beaupré was, until the beginning of this century, the biggest achievement in its own line recorded in the history of mountaineering. It was done, as they say, "by order," and is chiefly notable as marking the power of an irresponsible monarch. De Beaupré was a careful man. As there were no guides to be had, he took the King's "ladder-men" and attacked the mountain very much as he would have assailed a fortress. He took up a large company with him and settled down on the top for the best part of a week. He then sent for witnesses from the neighbouring Parliament, and drew up an elaborate series of affidavits which now face any sceptic who may doubt the possibility of his climb in those days. This showed a justifiable prudence; for if there is one thing this book proves it is that in climbing as in politics, history is very difficult to write. Many other ascents are shrouded in controversy; but this fifteenth century climb stands out above all others and could be proved at the present day in a court of law.

The literature of climbing is suffering from symptoms of plethora. But for those who are interested in the subject, Mr. Gribble has provided a very simple and useful summary, well illustrated with photographs of old engravings.

NOVELS.

"Love Made Manifest." By Guy Boothby. London: Ward, Lock. 1899. 6s.

A depressing example of the machine-made novel: threadbare in style and thought, and instinct with the sentiments of transpontine melodrama. Does Mr. Boothby desire to say that a man slept soundly he will say the man "slept like a top." If it be a case of bewilderment needing definition, the man "hardly knows whether he is on his head or his heels." Or, if the subject is a specially beautiful woman who has been crouched in a chair, she is said to have been "cuddled up." Again, if Mr. Boothby finds it expedient to emphasise the difficulty his hero encounters in asking a certain woman's hand in marriage, the hero is made to ask himself, "Why should he not take the bull by the horns and ask her to marry him?" Every situation has its commonplace adjectives and metaphorical allusions, which recur as the situation is repeated, with a due allowance of "shiverings" and "tremblings" and "shudderings." As to humour, there is none, unless it be in one cryptic passage where the waistcoat of a selfish and penurious revivalist is said to bear "peculiar testimony to the culinary capabilities of his cook." Mr. Boothby evidently cares for nothing but his catastrophe, which is as repellent as the path that leads to it is strewn with more or less nauseous suggestion. A boy and a girl are playmates on one of the islands in the Samoan group. They are separated and meet again in London society, each being unsuitably married. They elope and seek expiation of their sin by fruitless work among the lepers on a Pacific island. Even with the catastrophe imminent Mr. Boothby retains his scorn for his readers, and Francis Xavier is made to do duty for Francis of Assisi. The artist who illustrates the book has apparently no more concern for detail than the writer, for whilst the one tells us a particular volume is thrown upon a table "spread out," the other pictures it closed.

"Men's Tragedies." By R. V. Risley. New York: Macmillan. 1899. 6s.

"These studies of strong emotions—they might well be called studies of intensity—are cast in a fictional form solely for the reason that life is but a realised fiction. We do not live essays." Thus the preface, but we cannot admit that the nine stories have any lesson to teach. As fiction they are readable, almost exciting, but they are overwrought and unnatural, often absurd. Their style is execrable and their melodrama intolerable. The heroes are all prematurely old men, with the instincts of recluses and a great sensitiveness about ridicule, which might advantageously have been shared by the author. They combine business at Hamburg with remote ancestral castles in German forests. They are all more or less mad, but their specially weak point is the sight of another man at the door of a woman's bedroom. Then they tear swords from the walls and spoil for a fight. The author has evidently sought to model himself on Ibsen, and he has contrived to reproduce some of his model's least successful characteristics. By trying to tell too much in a few words, he often becomes desperately obscure. All his heroes, he tells us, are Germans, "for the reason that psychological tragedies happen in German minds." This does not warrant the barbarous jargon whereby he seeks to convey a German colouring, but only succeeds in suggesting an imperfect translation. Thus: "He was joked by his friends;" "Frankfurt, a city which I have never since my childhood revisited;" "he proposed that I travel;" "I agreed to not marry my love for a year." There are some very bad examples of the split infinitive. It is, however, fair to mention that there are several poetical passages, charming in their metrical resonance. The keynote of the whole book is less tragedy than unconscious farce. Perhaps the worst instance is that of a man seeking to prevent a duel. "Think of the age in which we live!" he exclaims. "This end of the century! We—we have railroads, and newspapers, and—and we wear tall hats!" That the author knows this is ridiculous affords no excuse, for the whole dramatic effect, such as it might have been, is hopelessly spoiled. This is the more to be regretted as the book is evidently a serious attempt and possesses some possibilities.

"Rosalba." By Olive Pratt Rayner. London: Pearson. 1899. 6s.

"Rosalba" and most of the people she encounters are more than a little preposterous, but very emphatically fresh and amusing. The book tempts one to quote from it constantly. The witty sayings and humorous atmosphere of the whole thing blind one to its faults, on a first reading. It is only afterwards that one reflects that the confidential "asides" to the reader were best left out: that the sub-title is a mistake: that the waiter's half-Cockney, half-Italian daughter talks like a pert Girtonian: that John is a caricature, and not original at that: and the music-hall engagement a trifle incredible. It is still something to get hold of a novel with a chuckle in every page: we read and were thankful, and shall look forward to the author's next.

"Sarolta's Verdict." By E. Yolland. London: White. 1899. 6s.

Mr., Mrs. or Miss—most probably Miss—Yolland appears to have a tale to tell, without the necessary command of language to tell it. The gipsies and the rescued baby arouse faintly sympathetic echoes of one's childhood and the romances that enlivened it. But who can make anything of a book largely consisting of sentences like this? "Whispers of a sinister nature began to be circulated, and, refusing absolutely to say one word of her life during her long absence, Theresa was hurried off to the Abbey—where her people's surprise would have been great to learn that one of those who *could* lift the veil that Theresa's hand kept persistently down was to be found—where she had ever since remained, and during her reign of office had introduced many changes, her sister-in-law said she believed, but that she had never seen her since the day she had left for the Abbey in a perfect frenzy of rage, declaring the poor Countess Pásmány herself wanted her gone for her own reasons, and that if ever the opportunity came

into her hands to take vengeance on anything *she* cared for, madame might rest assured the chance should not be lost." Life is short: and when an author writes like this, with a madness of commas and a famine of full stops, like "the poor Countess Pásmány herself," we "want her gone."

"A Monk of Cruta." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. London: Ward, Lock. 1899. 3s. 6d.

Abortive mysteries are fatiguing even for holiday perusal, and we can scarcely conceive that anyone will persevere with "A Monk of Cruta" for pleasure. The book opens with an unnecessary murder, and all sorts of sensations are anticipated from chapter to chapter but never overtaken. The silly, vulgar personages all behave in a way which is only explicable by charitably assuming their lunacy. We scarcely know whether to marvel most over the artlessness of the villains or the simplicity of the fools whom they delude. And the author is evidently as ignorant of the society he seeks to describe as he is of the way to tell a story or delineate a character. Martin de Vaux married a duke's daughter, so she is sometimes called Mrs. de Vaux and sometimes Lady de Vaux. "Bon camarade" is presumably intended for French.

"Some Unoffending Prisoners." By John Fulford. London: Jarrold. 1899. 6s.

Our first impulse is to protest against the vulgarity of this book and the sordidness of the society to which it introduces us. But one of the characters possesses sufficient charm and originality to save the situation, and we reach the end with a certain emotion, though scarcely with satisfaction. There is even a cheap philosophy, which inspires a vague sadness at the limitations of mediocrity and the chains imposed by ordinary conventions. Most of the "unoffending prisoners," however, offend by their narrow materialism, and few will desire their emancipation. The author evidently possesses an intimate acquaintance with the souls of those classes which he sums up as "the Undeveloped"—the classes whose representatives come up from the suburbs in omnibuses and wait outside pit-doors in a queue; and his book may safely be recommended to those who desire their better acquaintance.

"Zobeir, or Turkish Misrule." By William St. Clair. London: Digby, Long. 1899. 3s. 6d.

This pointless rigmarole might have been written by a small boy in a Board school. The scene is laid in Palestine, presumably at the present day, and the chief incident concerns the abduction of a beautiful girl named Miriam. When marriage was proposed to her, she exclaimed, "Married indeed, the bare mention of the word as now polluted, makes me faint—Dara, Dara bring me water!" When some families go into Damascus, we are told that "the quiet of the country was to be substituted for the turmoil of a city." The eponymous Zobeir is a slave-dealer, and we learn that he was "handsome, though stained with crime."

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"China and the Chinese." By Mrs. Arthur Bell. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1899. 2s. 6d.

"Through China with a Camera." By John Thomson. London: Harper. 1899. 7s. 6d.

It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than is presented by these two books: M. Plauchut's volume (for we hasten to relieve Mrs. Bell of further responsibility than that of the translation, which is excellently done) is bright certainly, and interesting in a way; but it is fragmentary, unsystematic, and inaccurate. Mr. Thomson gives a quiet almost stolid account of his travels: his record however is a good one, including both the interior of Formosa (which was then far from safe for anybody, foreigner, Chinaman, or aborigine), and the Yangtze Gorges, into which region he was one of the first foreigners to penetrate: again, though Peking, the Great Wall, and the Ming Tombs are now part of every globe-trotter's programme, this was not the case when Mr. Thomson visited them in 1871. But the most astonishing point about Mr. Thomson's wanderings lies in the fact that he was accompanied by his camera. Considering that photography was then almost in its infancy, we hardly know which to congratulate Mr. Thomson on most, the skill which secured the fine series of views and figures given in his book, or the tact which brought him and his camera back safe and sound to civilisation: he had

once indeed to imitate the fretful porcupine with the legs of his camera-stand; and once an assailant was "warded off" into one of the Yangtze rapids: but this was all.

We had hopes of notable travels from M. Plauchut also, for he tells us that one of his objects in visiting "that moribund China" was "to gaze upon her far-stretching tablelands girt about by heights crowned with never-melting snow, ere their solitudes were broken in upon by the desecrating steam-engine;" but he appears not to have in fact penetrated further into the interior than Peking. M. Plauchut describes "Kuang-Hsü" as "Kwang Sen:" surely the style of reigning Emperor might have been given correctly. The remark on p. 112 that "opium was totally unknown" in China "before the eighteenth century," is quite incorrect, as the author himself proves on pp. 173-5. Of the five opium-pipes figured on p. 181, four are tobacco-pipes, two of them being Szechuan "water-pipes" or hookahs. The lady on p. 41 is distinctly a Japanese. Finally, who on earth told M. Plauchut that in China "a man often has as many as three hundred secondary wives"? And yet the missionaries assert that female infanticide is one of the crying evils of the country. There is one remark of M. Plauchut's with which we cordially agree. "It is," he says, "in fact in the provinces of Szechuan and Yunnan that the question of which European Power is to have the supremacy in Central China will be finally fought out, and therefore every concession won in connexion with them is alike of immense commercial and political importance." That is true, and makes us regret more than ever our insane Agreement of 1895 with France over those provinces. The only fault we have to find with Mr. Thomson is that the interpolations to bring the matter of his book up to date from 1872 are decidedly jarring. A step of twenty-seven years is too much to take comfortably. But the book is well worth getting and keeping.

"The Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain." By Constance Hill. London: Heinemann. 1899. 7s. 6d. net.

The Princess des Ursins was one of those, like Moltke, to whom their chance of playing the grand rôle came late in life. She was fifty-nine when she was appointed Camerera Mayor to Marie Louise of Savoy, who became Queen of Spain in 1701, and for thirteen years, throughout the stormy days of the War of the Succession, she controlled the policy of the new Bourbon régime. Indeed, she established it. Twice, in 1709 and the following year, she alone induced Philip V., against the advice of his grandfather Louis XIV., to retain his throne. She was twice called upon to accompany the royal family in their flight from Madrid. She saw, and fostered, the attachment of the Spanish people to their young sovereigns and became herself, to save the dynasty, more Spanish than the Spaniards. She was a reformer and dealt the first blow at the power of the Inquisition. She abolished many of the ridiculous customs which had bound Spanish Queens and their ladies with the fetters of an Oriental harem. She had all the statesmanlike qualities of the great Catherine as well as her common sense and freedom from prejudice. She had also many of her failings, without their grossness. Her story well deserved telling in English. Miss Hill's sketch, though limited in its scope, is interesting and if it sends her readers to Sainte-Beuve's "Causeries" and Saint-Simon it will have served a useful purpose. Those who pursue their studies further, in the correspondence between Madame de Maintenon and Madame des Ursins, will be fascinated by the contrast between the two women who were then ruling France and Spain. Few great women have made fewer great mistakes. The only glaring ones were the demand for a principality in Flanders, which delayed the conclusion of the Peace of Utrecht, and the choice of Elizabeth Farnese as a second wife for that "esprit subalterne" Philip V. When she made them she was over seventy, and she endured her ignominious dismissal by Elizabeth and the cowardly acquiescence of Philip with that serenity which had led Madame Maintenon to say in earlier days, "Il n'y a jamais des noirceurs dans tout ce que vous dites." To a woman who lived, and ruled, in Courts it would be difficult to pay a higher compliment.

"The Romance of Australian Exploring." By G. Firth Scott. London: Sampson Low. 6s.

This interesting and instructive work gives a short summary of the inland exploration of Australia, from the crossing of the Blue Mountains behind Sydney settlement, in the first decade of this century, to the trans-continental journeys of McDouall Stuart and of Burke and Wills, some forty years ago. Perhaps in no part of the world have there been found such obstacles to overcome as in the island-continent, many parts of which no white man has yet penetrated. Of course in a region nearly twenty-five times as large as the United Kingdom every sort of climate and scenery is to be found. In the West are unknown and impassable salt deserts, so terrible to animal life as to daunt the very camel and to stem the rush for gold. In the South and East we find the features of the temperate zones, grassy plains, extensive rivers, and even mountains topped with snow but, like most parts of the continent, subject to uncertain rainfall. Away to the North, we have the wild luxuriance of the tropics, where streams flow through the gorgeous forests and where the well-

named "lawyer vine" and innumerable tangled creepers make heavy going for the traveller. And though there are no dangerous wild beasts, yet venomous things abound; at least, three kinds of snakes are absolutely fatal, and occasion many deaths every year; and perhaps worse than these there are ants of all sorts and colours, including the poisonous and savage "bull dog," the bite of which is never easily forgotten. Among the thousand curiosities of that enchanting land, Australia owns a salt river—the Darling—about which our author speaks in his seventh chapter. For many miles of its course it flows over brine springs, though fresh above, and afterwards below them. But in the salt part fish abound, though neither in this book, nor in that of the discoverer Sturt, published in 1833, is much light thrown on this interesting phenomenon. The volume is furnished with nine maps which we think would be improved if the dotted lines denoting previous journeys were omitted, and if the rivers were more clearly marked and named. We notice also that the date given in the text for Eyre's crossing the Bight is 1841 which should surely be 1840 as given by the author in map v., and by other authorities. But the book is a very welcome work of education for those who care about the distant Southern Land; it gives the best of many larger volumes and is very pleasant reading.

"Essays." By Wray Hunt. London: Privately printed by Hatchards.

The late Mr. Wray Hunt—some of whose Essays have been collected in order to keep his memory green for a few years—did nothing to push his work. But to judicious editors he was known as one of the very few Occasional Contributors whose MS. was always welcome. It could be accepted without reading and printed as it stood. If his subject bore no relation to current events it was sure to be rendered interesting by a distinct, though unobtrusive, personality. He belonged to that gifted class of persons who have the art of making a companion pleased with himself—of stimulating the intelligence of others rather than displaying their own learning or cleverness. It is a quality more generally found in women than in men, and perhaps it suits them better. The country walks and journeys abroad—the staple of Mr. Wray Hunt's descriptive work—seem to have been taken in the society of a sympathetic and receptive companion whom one has been entertaining and improving with unusually valuable observations and reflections. It is only when the end is reached that the other fellow has done all the talking. Had Mr. Wray Hunt enjoyed a longer life and more leisure for continuous literary work he would certainly have won a high place among English essayists. He was widely read in history and knew how to handle his information; he was sensitive, almost to fastidiousness, as to words and phrases; and he could carry on a sustained theme without an offensive display of the links in his logic. Robust and original he was not, and did not affect to be. Indeed, he might have accomplished more solid work if he had been less diffident of his own capacity.

"L'Évolution Politique et Sociale de l'Espagne." Par Yves Guyot. Paris: Charpentier. 1899.

M. Yves Guyot has so frequently played a sensible and manly part in his own country in opposing national prejudice that we regret to find him engaged in the thankless task of bringing an indictment against a whole nation. This is not really coherent work at all, but a series of short articles contributed to "Le Siècle" during 1898. They were evidently written to alienate French sympathy from Spain at a time when the current of feeling was running strongly against the United States. M. Guyot's ideal is that impossible being the "Economic Man," he can therefore have but little sympathy with the prejudices of the Spanish race, whether they be admirable or the reverse. But to write a satisfactory book about any nation requires sympathetic insight. M. Guyot, in his anxiety to put France and Spain apart, tries to make out that they are neither of them entitled to be called "Latin" races, because of an admixture of foreign strains.

"Imperial Rule in India." By T. Morison. London: Constable. 1899. 3s. 6d.

In this little volume Mr. Morison gives his views on the ultimate aim of British rule in India and the means by which it can be approached. He looks in the remote future to an autonomous India taking her place in the confederation of the British Empire. He perceives that such an end postulates a sentiment of common nationality and interest which has no existence in the conflicting races and creeds which make up the Indian population. He would find a bond in a feeling of personal devotion to the Empress-Queen and her successors, trusting under a strong rule to unify the warring elements and suppress those causes of discord which our present system tends to encourage. It is a dream—a noble dream, but not even an Akbar could realise it now. Incidentally the present state of public feeling in India, the relations of Englishmen and of the English Government to the native community, the Press and education are discussed with much shrewdness and insight. His qualifications and experience entitle Mr. Morison to a respectful hearing, and his work will well repay perusal.

"Enchanted India." By Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch. London and New York: Harper & Bros. 1899. 5s.

Another of those contributions to fugitive literature which every globe-trotter seems impelled to make when he has gone the round of the show places of India. The writer is nowhere tedious. He has an Oriental eye for the picturesque, avoids statistics, and dashes off effective sketches of the scenes he witnessed. Of the inner life of the people and the administration of the country he evidently saw nothing. His observations are inaccurate, his information is defective and his inferences are erroneous. No one will learn from this book anything that is worth knowing.

"Ruling Cases." By Robert Campbell and Irving Browne. Vol. XVIII. London: Stevens and Sons, Limited. 1899. 25s.

This volume of the Ruling Cases Series includes the two subjects of Mortgage and Negligence; the former occupying 577 of the 736 pages and the latter the rest, with the exception of some forty or fifty intercalary pages on the subjects of Musical Composition and Mutual Covenants. We should suppose part of the next volume will continue the subject of negligence, which evidently is not fully treated in the present volume. In addition to noticing the death of Mr. J. G. Gordon Robbins who selected and annotated the cases on Mortgages, the editors supply a note on the death of Mr. Irving Browne the editor of the American portion of the work. We can vouch of our own knowledge for the excellence of the publishers' selection of the Hon. Leonard A. Jones, who has for many years been one of the co-editors of the "American Law Review," as his successor.

"Revue des Deux Mondes" 15 August 1899.

The moral of Castelar's career or his nature begins to be visible in the second instalment of M. E. Varagnac's brilliant monograph. The goal of his ambition is reached; the ideal of his philosophy is attained; the panacea of all the ills of mankind and all the sorrows of all ages is achieved for Spain. Castelar sets up his republic—or rather he rushes it through. And the result? Dire disaster, open shame, confusion, anarchy: until Castelar is fain to blush and to weep over his own work. But Castelar, though a visionary, a man of words, is no coward. He is not overcome by failure, but addresses himself bravely to undo the mischief—still believing in his republican ideal. In the next number we shall see what he will do.

MINOR CLASSICAL BOOKS.

1. "P. Ovidi Nasonis Opera." Three vols. London: G. Bell and Sons; Cambridge: Deighton, Bell and Co.
2. "An Elementary History of Greece." By C. W. C. Oman, M.A., F.S.A. With Maps and Plans. Rivingtons.
3. "P. Vergili Maronis Aeneidos Liber XI." By T. E. Page, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co; New York: The Macmillan Company.
4. "The Medea of Euripides." With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary. By P. B. Halcombe, M.A. Blackie.
5. "P. Plinii Caecilii Secundi Epistularum Liber Primus." Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by C. J. Phillips, B.A. London: Macmillan and Co; New York: The Macmillan Company.
6. "Sextus Empiricus and Greek Scepticism." By Mary Mills Patrick, President of the American College, Constantinople, Turkey. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell and Co. 1899. 5s. net.

A neater and more convenient edition of the complete works of Ovid it would be difficult to find than the one which Mr. J. P. Postgate (1) has prepared in three volumes, while its price is almost nominal. The text is reprinted from the one lately revised by the same scholar for the reissue of the "Corpus Poetarum Latinorum," and represents all but the most recent results of Ovidian criticism. In a humorous little preface Mr. Postgate pretends that busy and lazy readers alike will be glad that he has omitted the "notularum appendix." We do not quite agree with him. Undoubtedly, however, it would be a boon to lovers of the classics if the publishers of this Ovid would issue in a similar form all the other poets included in the excellent but unwieldy Corpus.

It cannot be very stimulating work for a serious young scholar like Mr. Oman to write "An Elementary History of Greece" (2). All the more creditable is his success in keeping up his spirits and imparting to his narrative the interest which arises from an orderly arrangement of facts and a simple easy way of writing. But the history of Greece is found very repulsive by ordinary boys and girls unless some picturesque episode is presented in full detail. A narrative which, like the one before us, attempts to be both condensed and continuous is very hard of digestion. We can only congratulate Mr. Oman on having deserved, we will not say the gratitude, but the toleration, of the not uncritical class for whom his little book is specially intended.

The Eleventh and perhaps least interesting Book of the "Æneid" (3) has been edited by Mr. T. E. Page for the use of small boys just emerging from the delectus stage, but his notes,

though abstaining from recondite questions of critical scholarship, are as sound and careful as if they had been composed for a substantive edition of the poet's complete works. In this respect the book is admirable. But the Introduction is trumpery—though the author evidently thinks it is bristling with epigram. Let us take a sample. "*Sum pius Aeneas* is how he introduces himself, and all through he goes about with that painful adjective ostentatiously tied round his neck, doing what he ought to do and saying what he ought to say from first to last. Once only he exhibits human frailty, and then it is to show that as a human being he is contemptible." Here follows the tale of the abandoned Dido—and the final interview. "But Virgil seems unmoved by his own genius, and begins the next paragraph quite placidly *At pius Aeneas* . . ."! How the man who had written the lines placed in Dido's mouth could afterwards speak of *Aeneas* as good is, we are told, "one of the puzzles of literature." It is still more of a puzzle that a really clever man, after spending the best part of his life on the classics, should remain so far away from their genius and spirit as to pass judgment on a legendary hero from the standpoint of a modern lady novelist. But when Mr. Page tries to be cynical he is rather more foolish than in his sentimental mood. To account for this "puzzle" he says that "we ought in fairness to remember that the chilling shadow of imperial patronage rested on Virgil. He was not only a poet but a Poet Laureate."

It may perhaps be accounted a merit to Mr. P. B. Halcombe that in his edition (4) of the "*Medea*," written for a juvenile class, he has omitted the lyrical portions of the Greek text and replaced them with an English version of the comments of the Chorus. The play is broken up into small sections, each preceded by a brief argument, and the notes, though elementary, are adequate for the purpose which the editor has in view. Belonging to the same type, and possessing similar merits, is Mr. C. J. Phillips' edition (5) of the first twelve "Letters of Pliny." It is a useful, correct little class-book—no worse and no better than scores of other publications that represent the learned leisure of assistant-masters.

The aim of this work (6) (a thesis accepted for the Doctorate of Philosophy in Berne University) is "to give a concise presentation of Pyrrhonism in relation to its historical development and the scepticism of the Academy, with critical references to the French and German works existing on the subject." The writer also deals with "the time and manner of the connexion of Sextus Empiricus with the Pyrrhonian School," and adds a translation into English of the First Book of the Hypotyposes. Mrs. Patrick has compressed much matter into little compass, as is indeed not unnatural in the case of an academic dissertation. Of this we do not complain; but, as the authoress "*audet viris concurrere*," she will doubtless pardon a word or two of friendly expostulation as to her style. What is to be said of "so as not to rashly follow it" (p. 103)? Cannot even a president of a college avoid the split infinitive? On page 18 we read of "the Church Fathers of the Eastern Church," and in the table of contents at the beginning we gasp at the antithesis: "The seat of the Sceptical School while Sextus was at its head." But still the book has its merits, and certainly represents much solid work.

For This Week's Books see page 278.

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According to a cablegram received from the Head Office, it was resolved at the Special General Meeting of Shareholders, held at Johannesburg on 17th August, to acquire the Vendor's Lien on the profits of the Company, and to increase the nominal Capital of the Company to £400,000, in accordance with the proposals set out in the Notice to Shareholders convening the meeting.

For ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary,
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18th August, 1899.

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The Book of the Dead. The papyri of Hunefer, Netchemet, Anhai, Nu, and the Book of Breathings. Facsimiles, with transcriptions and translations by E. A. W. Budge. London: Published by the Trustees of the British Museum. 1899.

ART.

Embroidery, or the Craft of the Needle (W. G. Paulson Townsend). Truslove.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey (George Cavendish. Temple Classics). Dent. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

Infelix (Lady Duntze. New edition). John Long. 3s. 6d.
The Archdeacon's Daughter, and Other Stories (G. A. Musgrave). Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.
The Rose of Judah (George Griffith). Pearsons. 6s.
Temple Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens: David Copperfield (3 vols.). Dent. 4s. 6d. net.
A Son of Rimmon (Athol Forbes). Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
Le Hêtre Rouge (Carmen Sylva. French Translation by Georges A. Mandy). Paris: Librairie Nilsson. 3f. 50c.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Historical French Grammar (Ernest Weekley). Blackie. 2s. 6d.

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Elements of Economics of Industry (Alfred Marshall. Third edition). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

Thorough Guides: The Peak District of Derbyshire, &c. (M. J. B. Baddeley). Dulau. 3s.

VERSE.

Songs from a Studio (Arthur T. Woodward). Melbourne: Robertson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Buddha (Written 1891-1895): A Drama in Twelve Scenes (Sadakich Hartmann. Author's Edition). New York. 1899.
Il Ce-Kiang Studio. Geografico-Economico del Dott. Mario Carli. Roma: Tipografi del Senato.
La Petite Reine: Impressions et Souvenirs de Hollande (Madame Rallazzi). Paris: "Nouvelle Revue Internationale." 3f. 50c.
London Manual, The (1899-1900). Lloyd. 1s.
Schopenhauer in the Air: Seven Stories (Sadakichi Hartmann. Author's Edition). New York. 1899.
Spain, Contemporary. As shown by Her Novelists (Compiled by Mary Wright Plummer). Truslove.
The Chiswick Shakespeare: Macbeth, Othello (2 vols.). Bell.
The Embassy of Sir Thomas Roe to the Court of the Great Mogul, 1615-1619 (Edited by William Foster, 2 vols.). Printed for the Hakluyt Society.
Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra, Some Textual Notes on the (Alfred Edward Hiseleton). Palmer. 2s. 6d.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT

For the Three Months ending 30th JUNE, 1899.

To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have pleasure in submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for the Three Months ending 30th June, 1899, which show a total profit of £91,805 4s. 2d.

MINE.

Number of feet Driven, Sunk and Risen, exclusive of Stopes	1,101 feet.
Ore Developed	97,806 tons.
Ore Mined	109,374 tons.
Less Waste sorted out (18'558 per cent.)	20,298 tons.
	89,076 tons.

MILL.

Tons Delivered	89,076 tons.
Less added to Stock in Mill Bins	276 tons.
Tons Crushed	88,800 tons.
Number of days (24 hours) working an average of 200 stamps	85½ days.
Tons crushed per stamp per 24 hours	5'203 tons.
Tons in Mill Bins on 30th June, 1899	1,282 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	25,840'396 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold	5'819 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

SANDS AND CONCENTRATES.

Tons Sands and Concentrates treated (equal to 72'621 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	64,488 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	16,411'608 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	5'089 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	3'696 dwts.

SLIMES.

Tons Slimes treated (equal to 26'240 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	23,302 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	2,639'008 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	2'265 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	5'394 dwts.

TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources	44,891'012 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	10'110 dwts.
Total Yield in Bullion Gold from all sources	51,962'438 ozs.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 88,800 tons milled.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining Expenses	£63,492 13 0	£0 14 3'608
" Milling Expenses...	13,744 4 0	0 3 1'246
" Cyaniding Expenses	13,849 19 7	0 3 1'432
" General Expenses	2,895 13 4	0 0 7'826
" Head Office Expenses	1,115 1 11	0 0 3'014
	95,097 11 10	1 1 5'020
" Profit	91,805 4 2	1 0 8'122
	£186,902 16 0	2 2 1'142

Cr.	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Account—		
Mill	£107,676 12 11	£1 4 3'018
Cyanide Works	79,226 3 1	0 17 10'124
	£186,902 16 0	2 2 1'142

NOTE.—A portion of the above profit is subject to the new tax of 5 per cent. which has been imposed by the Government of the South African Republic.

GENERAL.

The Capital Expenditure for the period under review has amounted to £4,263 18s. 3d.

An Interim Dividend—No. 2—of 40 per cent. was declared on 8th June for the half-year ending 30th June, 1899, and will be payable on 4th August, 1899, from the London and Johannesburg Offices, to Shareholders registered in the Company's Books on 30th June, 1899, and to holders of Coupon No. 2 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

By order of the Board,

F. RALEIGH,

SECRETARY.

Head Office, Johannesburg,
July, 1899

The Geldenhuis Estate & Gold Mining Company

(ELANDSFONTEIN No. 1) LIMITED.

CAPITAL

£200,000.

DIRECTORATE:

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HEAD OFFICE: Grusonwerk Buildings, Johannesburg, P.O. Box 413.

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REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1899.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamps.

Milled, 18,762 Tons.

WORKING EXPENSES.

	Cost.	Cost per ton.
To Mining ...	£6,427 4 3	6s. 10'216d.
" Hauling and Pumping ...	424 15 0	os. 5'433d.
" Sorting, Trammings and Crushing ...	578 0 10	os. 7'394d.
" Development ...	1,070 5 6	1s. 1'691d.
" Milling ...	1,523 11 11	1s. 7'490d.
" Cyaniding Concentrates ...	233 5 3	os. 2'984d.
" Tailings ...	1,512 11 3	1s. 7'348d.
" Mill Water Supply ...	238 15 6	os. 3'054d.
" Maintenance ...	3,182 17 8	3s. 4'715d.
" Charges ...	616 14 4	os. 7'889d.
" Slimes Treatment (current) ...	560 15 8	os. 7'173d.
" Slimes Treatment (accumulated) ...	16,368 17 2	17s. 5'387d.
	318 19 7	os. 4'080d.
" Profit for Month ...	16,687 16 9	17s. 9'467d.
	26,216 7 7	27s. 11'355d.
	£42,904 4 4	45s. 8'822d.

REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per ton.
By Gold from Mill		
7,207'40 ozs., valued	£26,325 0 0	28s. 0'744d.
From Tailings—		
2,774'35 ozs., valued	9,545 10 0	10s. 2'104d.
From Concentrates—		
787'50 ozs., valued	2,704 10 0	2s. 10'595d.
From Slimes (current)—		
517'41 ozs., valued	1,892 10 0	2s. 0'209d.
By Products treated—		
19'40 ozs., valued	71 10 0	os. 0'915d.
By Products sold—		
517'00 ozs. (fine) realised	1,636 4 4	1s. 8'930d.
From Slimes (accumulated)—		
198'07 ozs., valued	42,175 4 4	44s. 11'497d.
	729 0 0	os. 9'325d.
	£42,904 4 4	45s. 8'822d.

The Cost and Value per Ton are worked out on the basis of the Tonnage Milled.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE (Including Capital Expenditure).

To Working Expenses (as above) ...	£16,687 16 9
" Slimes Plant ...	1,832 18 2
" Furniture ...	64 0 11
" Plant, General ...	1,247 2 11
" Rock Drill Plant ...	97 10 0
" Battery ...	610 0 0
" General Electric Plant ...	75 0 0
" Tram Plant ...	94 1 8
" Live Stock ...	35 0 0
" Balance ...	20,743 30 5
	22,160 13 11
	£42,904 4 4
By Gold from Mill, Tailings, Concentrates and Slimes, &c., valued	£42,904 4 4

MINE DEVELOPMENT.

Drives ...	63 feet.
Sinking Winzes ...	11 "
Total footage for month ...	74 "
The ore developed by the above footage was ...	43,894 tons.

SORTING.

Ore raised from the Mine ...	25,516 tons.
Waste sorted out (equal to 26'42 per cent.) ...	6,742 "
Sorted ore sent to mill ...	18,774 "
Ore in bins at Battery 1st June ...	1,916 "
	20,690 "
Ore crushed for June ...	18,772 "
Balance in bins 1st July ...	1,998 "

MILL.

120 Stamps ran 29 days 12 hours crushing ...	18,762 tons.
Tons crushed per Stamp per 24 hours ...	5'29 "
Bullion yield ...	7,207'40 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton ...	7'68 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

Tons treated ...	Tailings, 12,357 ...	Concentrates 1,400
Bullion yield ...	2,774'35 ozs.	787'50 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton ...	4'49 dwts.	11'25 dwts.
Working cost per ton treated ...	s. d.	s. d.
	2 5'37	3 3'98

SLIMES PLANT.

Tons treated ...	Current, 4,645 tons ...	Accumulated, 1,792 tons.
Bullion yield ...	513'41 ozs.	198'07 ozs.
Bullion yield per ton ...	2'21 dwts.	2'21 dwts.
Working cost per ton treated ...	s. d.	s. d.
	2 4'97	3 6'72

The erection of the additional Settling Tanks for accumulated Slimes has been completed, but on account of not being water-tight they have not yet been taken over from the Contractors.

TOTAL YIELD.

	Tons.	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed.
Mill ...	18,762	7,207'40	6,249'24	6 13'58
Cyanide (Tailings) ...	12,357	2,774'35	2,866'06	2 9'97
" (Concentrates) ...	1,400	787'50	642'00	0 16'43
Slimes (Current) ...	4,645	513'41	449'31	0 11'49
Slimes (Accumulated) ...	1,792	11,282'75	9,606'70	10 5'77
		198'07	173'00	0 4'43
		11,480'82	9,779'70	10 10'20

In addition to the above, Cyanide Slags were treated containing 19'40 ozs. of Bullion, equal to 37'30 ozs. Fine Gold, and other By-products, viz.—Black Sands, Pots and Liners, Anode Bags, Pot Scrapings, &c., were sold, which contained 517 ozs. Fine Gold.

MAY YIELD.

	Tons.	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed.
Mill ...	19,136	7,435'59	6,435'28	6 17'42
Cyanide (Tailings) ...	12,038	2,893'43	2,389'13	2 11'92
" (Concentrates) ...	1,400	848'10	700'00	0 17'56
Slimes (Current) ...	4,615	721'92	611'21	0 15'58
Slimes (Accumulated) ...	1,614	11,899'04	10,145'62	10 14'48
		252'48	217'27	0 5'45
		12,151'52	10,362'89	10 19'93

In addition to the above, Cyanide Slags were treated containing 43'60 ozs. of Bullion, equal to 37'30 ozs. Fine Gold, and other By-products, viz.—Black Sands, Pots and Liners, Anode Bags, Pot Scrapings, &c., were sold, which contained 517 ozs. Fine Gold.

A Dividend—No. 13—of 50 per cent. was declared during the month payable to all Shareholders registered on the 30th June, 1899, and will be paid to European Shareholders from the London Office and to South African Shareholders from the Head Office immediately after receipt of the transfer returns to the above date by the respective offices.

It is anticipated that the Warrants will be in Shareholders' hands about the first week in August.

The Coupon—No. 15—in respect of the Dividend was payable on the 10th inst.

JOHANNESBURG, 13th July, 1899.

P. C. HAW, Secretary.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by FREDERICK DUNCAN WALKER, at the Office, 39 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 26 August, 1899.